THE SUNDAY APPEAL.

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MARCH OF THE WHITE BRIGADE.

The following stirring lyric is by far the most eloquent and musical song that the campaign has thus far produced. The writer, A. J. Requier, Esq., is a native of South Carolina, but was for many years a resident of Mobile, where he practiced law with great success. He is the author of numerous songs and ballads, all of which bear the stamp of the true poetic gold. His only published composition of any length, is a philosophical poem entitled "Crystalline," which, in spite of its mysticism, contains many passages of rare beauty and merit. Mr. Requier is at present, we believe, practicing law in New York city:

Their weapons laid in festal shade,
They gather'd round the land and far,
The men whose rosy ringing charges made
The mountain echoed with war;
For Seymour sang the swift array,
And dimly side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

A fearless band, they take their stand
On river, lake and prairie,
To clasp around the native land
A cord of living light;
"For Union, and we! and life," they say,
"And God our shield defending we!"
As, side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

The saints who can't, with eyes aslant,
In their gloomy cloister dwell;
The solid cramming grow to rant
That we must bend or kneel;
Have not the irdulgence as in their day,
And shall the sinner,
As side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

So mart at horde, with drum and sword,
Shall quarter on the free;
Down with the tem—Act—overboard
The only Tax on Tea!
Old George and the Tories exploded play
Cannot be played again,
As, side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

The Carpet Knight shall wing his flight,
With all their goods and wares;
Who would save a fine man's rights,
Must take a freeman's cares;
And ships as skim to shape their way,
Shall rest in their living loom,
As, side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

The hour is past—the die is cast—
The fiat is on unsaid;
The Phantom Ship, in wave and blast,
Has set her main to sail!
In vain her pilots curse or pray,
And shriek in hopeless crew,
As, side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

The morning breaks, in golden flakes,
To sun our sires—saw
As Union and Law
To speed and law;
Ho! Butler, Sanford, Wade, away—
Ho, seaboard, and lake, and prairie,
As, side by side, the boys in gray
Step with the boys in blue!

INCIDENTS OF BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Cruise of the Schooner Badger.

A Storm in the Gulf of Mexico.

BY G. W. S.

Doubtless many readers of the APPEAL during the war, perused with interest the meagre accounts then published of the doings of the blockade runners, and would be glad to learn something more of a business that gave employment to so large a portion of the Federal navy.

Up to the time when the Federal Government was enabled to close the Southern seaports with powerful squadrons, extraordinary efforts had not been made to export the vast quantities of cotton lying idle in the Southern States. The fatal neglect of the Confederate Government to obtain possession of this powerful auxiliary and safely bestow it abroad as an almost exhaustless magazine of the sinews of war, kept down the price of the staple and discouraged private enterprise. But the moment the blockade had fixed its unrelaxing grasp upon every Southern seaport, the price of cotton abroad went up like a rocket, and a sort of mania for blockade-running seemed to seize upon everybody interested in a bale of cotton or a sea going craft. Fortunes were amassed with bewildering rapidity, and this led to the most daring and reckless efforts on the part of the blockade runners. Voyages were undertaken in crafts that could not have lived an hour in a gale of wind and a heavy sea, and fast vessels frequently came in, loaded with foreign goods, in open day light and running the gauntlet of fire through the blockading fleets. Those whose investments were seized by the blockaders or cruisers, or swallowed up in the waves of the Gulf, consoled themselves with the idea that they had not lost something the mere possession of which was useless to them, and neither losses nor dangers operated as the slightest curb upon the bold spirit of enterprise which defied alike the terrors of Yankee cannon and of the treacherous gulf. On one occasion a cruiser captured a cotton-loaded craft of such Lilliputian dimensions that the waggish Yankee commander rove tackling to her and hauled her up to his yard arm, cargo, outfit and crew complete, the latter consisting of two men and a pet animal of some sort. The captive skipper swore fearfully at this insult, but was only laughed at and blackguarded the more on that account. I happened to be on the main in Havana one day, when a little dinky with one sail (no jib), carrying a full load of two and a half bales of cotton, and navigated by one man, came in from the coast of Florida. The chief officer of the port, in his gaily decorated barge, conducted the tiny and unshapely craft into the harbor with as much pomp and ceremony as if she had been a first class blockade runner bearing hundreds of bales of the precious staple, which was then selling for about a dollar a pound. She was received with cheers and shouts of laughter from the heterogeneous crowd of ship captains, blockade runners and wondering Habaneros assembled upon the mole, and the hair-brained navigator, who had found his way over without chart or compass, was almost carried bodily up town by his admiring friends. For a time he was a real sea lion.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the animus of blockade-running was hostility to the Federal Government, or that it was carried on exclusively by those who sympathized with the Southern cause. Many foreigners were engaged in it, and many a taut, swift schooner, with Yankee captain and crew, came out from the North and dashed through the cordon of war steamers, landed her cargo, took aboard another of cotton and dashed out again, generally succeeding in "making the trip" and realizing enormous profits. Two of these adventurers came into the harbor of Mobile in 1863. They were exceedingly beautiful schooners of about seventy tons each, and the day before one of them sailed her Yankee captain swore emphatically that with a fair wind he could outrun any steamer in the blockading squadron. Those who scanned admiringly the symmetrical lines and tall tapering spars of the lovely craft did not think the captain's profane boast an empty one, and among them was the celebrated yacht builder of New Orleans, John Mahoney, who took passage in her for Havana. Trusting too confidently to her heels, however, she undertook to run out through the main channel, where most of the blockaders were lying with banked fires and buoyed anchors, ready to slip the latter and give chase, and passing too near one of these the unfortunate schooner was discovered and soon brought to by a few of those terrible shells, which in calm weather, could be sent with precision and deadly effect at surprisingly long range. The other schooner ran out a few days afterwards and reached Havana thus far unpursued. The writer, A. J. Requier, Esq., is a native of South Carolina, but was for many years a resident of Mobile, where he practiced law with great success. He is the author of numerous songs and ballads, all of which bear the stamp of the true poetic gold. His only published composition of any length, is a philosophical poem entitled "Crystalline," which, in spite of its mysticism, contains many passages of rare beauty and merit. Mr. Requier is at present, we believe, practicing law in New York city:

About the time of which I write, a number of vessels, built in England expressly for blockade running, began to make trips between Havana and Mobile and Nassau and the Carolina ports, and so regularly were these trips accomplished that one of them, the Denbigh, plying between the two former ports, became known as the Mobile and Havana mail boat. Her success astonished the public generally, but was not surprising to those acquainted with the extraordinary advantages she possessed for eluding the vigilance of the enemy. These vessels were all built after one model—of high draft and sharp lines, very long and very low in the water, and with engines of sufficient power to give them a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. They were necessarily of very frail construction, and were by no means safe sea going boats. One of them, the Solar, was lost with all on board in a storm in the gulf in '63. It was supposed that in consequence of her great length she "hogged," or broke her back in other words, while riding the enormous waves rolled up in the Gulf whenever a southeaster disturbs that mysterious current known as the Gulf Stream.

An interesting volume might be written upon incidents connected with blockade running in those stirring times, but the hasty chronicler who depends entirely upon his memory of affairs only that come under his personal observation, can give no continuous history of events, and must be content to speak only of solitary occurrences that may interest his readers.

Sometime during the winter of 1862 Capt. Maffit, in command of the steamer Owleta, performed an act of headlong courage off Mobile harbor, which was redeemed from the charge of rashness by its necessity and by the skill with which it was executed. The Owleta was a new vessel, and had been lying for several months in a West India port, awaiting an opportunity to run into a Confederate harbor for the purpose of fitting out as a cruiser. Her captain and crew had been down with yellow fever, and were scarcely recovered sufficiently to work the vessel when she sailed for Mobile, arriving in view of the blockading fleet one fine morning a few hours after daybreak. To Maffit's impetuous temperament, it seemed safer to dash through the cordon of hostile ships than to retire out of sight and stand off and on to await the cover of darkness. Although still very feeble, he came upon deck, and directed his unarmed vessel (he had guns but they were not mounted,) directly towards the main channel, where lay the flag-ship and several others of the heaviest batteries of the squadron. With the stars and stripes flying, he proceeded steadily towards the channel, and to a signal of inquiry, replied that he had United States mails, and inquired for his anchorage. To the command to come to, that followed this, he paid no attention, but putting on a full head of steam, hauled down the stars and stripes and hoisted the Confederate flag at the fore, while his crew sent forth cheers and shouts of defiance. Every ship within range opened upon her with every gun that could be brought to bear, and, notwithstanding the rapidity with which she increased her distance from the dangerous neighborhood, the Owleta was soundly battered before she reached the friendly shelter of the fort. Several of the steamers shipped their cables and gave chase, but the game was beyond their reach, and the heavy thunder of an Armstrong gun from the walls of Fort Morgan, followed by the plunge of the formidable missile in their immediate neighborhood, brought them to, and they steamed sullenly back to the anchorage. The Owleta had two or three men killed by grape-shot, and so close and hot was the discharge that a man in the fore rigging had the soles of his shoes shot off, he suffering no other material injury. The vessel was built of teak, and wherever a round shot struck her hull a clean hole was not cut, for the fibres of this elastic wood bent inward to make way for the missile, and then springing back left no visible mark much greater than would be made by a musket ball in an ordinary plank.

In March, 1863, the writer hereof crossed the Gulf from Mobile to Havana, and experienced on that occasion a few of the excitements and perils of blockade-running. For three weeks of fair, calm weather our little schooner, the Badger, with her cargo of cotton, had lain in Navy Cove, an almost landlocked bight of the lower part of Mobile Bay, awaiting the murkier that alone could carry us past the numerous and vigilant sentinels that guarded every outlet night and day. I came at last, and came just as we were nearly exhausted of provisions and were about sending to Mobile for a fresh supply. It was perilous to start on such a voyage with only a bag of crackers in the locker, but to wait was to lose the only present chance of getting out, and we decided unanimously (there were but four of us, including the Captain,) that we would go, believing from the indications of the rising storm that it would carry our swift-sailing schooner—built and sailed originally as a yacht—across to the Cuban coast within three days. A long narrow sand spit, running from east to west, fences in Mobile Bay with the exception of a gateway two miles wide. Upon the eastern point of this sand spit stands Fort Morgan, and once past the fort it is your choice to strike straight forward for the main channel or, if of light draft, to go out through the Swash Channel, which follows the southern shore of the sand spit until, eight or ten miles away, it trends southward, and you enter deep water. This was the favorite path of ingress and egress for the blockade runners, and to make it more secure batteries were built along the shore, commanding the channel for a great distance. It was near midnight when we took our pilot aboard at the fort, and stole quietly out into the channel. He steered us safely over the shallow places a few miles from the fort, and then bade us good-bye and took to his boat in a hurry. It was high time, for the norther was beginning to put forth its strength, and although we were under the lee of the land, which was covered with trees, the water was becoming rough with a short chopping sea. We had not gone far before we sighted two of the blockaders on our right, uncomfortably close to the channel, and the batteries would have made it uncomfortable for them had the night been clearer. We left them behind, and began to think we should soon be outside the circle of danger, when suddenly another loomed up directly before us. Knowing that advantage would be taken of the storm and darkness, she also had taken advantage of it to come boldly in and throw her huge bulk directly across the channel. There was but one measure to take. We promptly went about, and after running back upon our course some distance, up helm and stood directly southward, determined to take the chances of running through the line of blockaders. We put our little fore-and-aft schooner wing-and-wing before the wind, and flew over the rising waves with amazing speed; but as we increased our distance from the shelter of the land, the force of the norther compelled us to shorten sail; and while busy with this disagreeable job, we sighted two of the blockaders, one on either hand, and directly another on our quarter. Exceedingly close they were, or we could not have seen them in the thick gloom of that stormy, starless night. We flew past, and they disappeared in an instant, like shadows. "Now we are safe," believed one of the sailors in my ear, but the words were hardly uttered when the lookout on the bow sang out, with startling energy: "Hard-a-starboard! starboard your helm, quick, d—n you!" The warning came not an instant too soon, for directly before us loomed out of the darkness the gigantic bulk of the flagship Hartford. In the gloom her dimensions really seemed mountainous; a moment of inattention on the part of the lookout, or of delay on the part of the helmsman, and we should have struck her bows on and of course gone to the bottom without time to say the briefest kind of a prayer. As it was, we shot past with the speed of an arrow, so near that we could hear the plunge of her great dark hull, rising and falling with the waves, and trace the outlines of her rigging, from stem to stern. We were taking a reef in our mainsail at the time, and the part of it hauled down in knotting the reef points flapped with a report like that of a musket. It seemed to me that the ten or a dozen sentinels aloft and aloft on the Hartford must hear this or see us, but perhaps they did not; the sea was very rough and noisy, the huge ship plunged heavily at her anchors and the wind whistled through her rigging; the norther was a cold one, "bitter cold," as if directly from the polar wastes, and the sentinels probably had enough to do to look after their own comfort. When day dawned we were far out upon the blue water, which rolled in tremendous hills about us, and the glass disclosed no trace of the enemies we had left behind.

In less than three days the norther bore us to within about fifty miles of Cape San Antonio, the western extremity of the Island of Cuba—so we guessed by dead reckoning as to our longitude, for we had no chronometer, nautical instruments being scarce in Mobile when we sailed. The wind grew lighter, and then died away entirely, and for two days we lay becalmed upon the blue and glassy waters of the Gulf, smooth and undisturbed as the surface of a mirror, and so clear that we could distinctly recognize the varied colors of the splendidly gilded tropical fish that darted to and fro deep beneath us.

The morning of our sixth day (21st of March), showed a change in the appearance of the heavens. There was not a ripple upon the water, but there were signs in the sky and in the atmosphere which no sailor could mistake. "Boys," said our Captain, "I did hope that we should make a port before this cursed equinoctial blow came on, but yonder it comes in the sou'east, and here we are fifty miles from the coast of Cuba. Before night we shall be the Lord knows how many more from it. It is best that we should know our danger and be prepared to meet it."

No heavy masses of cloud spread themselves over the sky, but a creeping darkness rapidly overshadowed the sea and the air; it was the invisible flying scud, the coolness *avant courrier* of the coming storm. The horizon, the boundary of our vision, disappeared, and the sea about us seemed circumscribed within a wonderfully small area. It reminded me of nothing so forcibly as of a wild beast gathering together his muscels for the death spring.

But the storm did not break upon us with sudden fury. It was preceded by a long, heavy swell, and fitful gusts which broke the smooth surface of the Gulf into playful ripples. Then the air darkened still more, the wind grew into a steady volume, and the waves began to rise in long lines of white foam.

There was but one thing to do on our part, and that was to lie to. We speedily reduced our mainsail to dimensions just sufficient to keep the schooner's head to the wind, and in that attitude of defense we fought the storm for three days and nights, drifting far away in the meantime to the northwest, for our schooner had no keel, only a center-board, which could not be used in a heavy sea. The tempest reached its maximum of fury on the night of the 22d; it was the culmination of the stormy equinox. The waves rose about us higher than our mastheads, and when we plunged into the profound depths between them our little sail was becalmed and the schooner stood upright, only to be smitten down again, when she mounted the next wave, by the tremendous blast which swept the face of the Gulf. We were in the Gulf stream, and the gale blowing directly against it, created a most enormous sea. Our craft was of but thirteen tons, and she was heavily laden with cotton; we had sixteen bales on deck, and whenever one of those heavy rollers came down upon us we seemed to be completely swallowed up in the seething waters, and every man had to cling for dear life or be swept away among the raging waves. We soon found that the schooner, which had been built without the usual comforts and lengthening braces of sea-going craft, was fast working to pieces under the weight of her deck load and the heavy blows of the sea. The lashings of our deck bales were cut at once, and the next tremendous blow that came down upon us swept the deck clean, and our buoyant schooner rode the great waves unencumbered by a single bale of cotton, save those in her hold and cabin.

By the morning of the 24th the storm had spent its fury. The gale died away, but it seemed as if the heavy seas would never go down. All day they rolled like migratory mountains, with valleys between, spacious enough for the sites of towns and cities had they been firm land. The sun finally came out at intervals, but so rarely and fitfully that we found it difficult to take a satisfactory observation of our latitude. By our longitude we had only the most vague idea, mere guess work. We sailed eastward, however, and, being in the Gulf Stream, sailed so far that we passed our port of destination, Havana, and finally cast anchor in the harbor of Matanzas, sixty miles east of the former city.

We were worn out and half starved, but met with genuine kindness and hospitality from merchants in Matanzas, and after recruiting there our exhausted strength for a week we sailed our vessel and remnant of cargo around to Havana, carefully hugging the shore to keep beyond the jurisdiction of Yankee cruisers.

Such were often the the perils and hardships attendant upon the transit of a cargo of cotton from a Confederate port to within cannon-shot of the Moro Castle.

—There is a protracted meeting progressing at the Methodist church in Girard, Ga., and it has been the habit of a member of the church to send his horse and wagon for the ministers. On Tuesday night, while services were going on inside, and the horse and wagon were standing near the door, some hardened sinner and utterly depraved thief stole them and drove off. It is reported that he was seen driving at a brisk rate on the Crawford road. It is pretty certain that he was not on the road to heaven, and the probability is that he will bring up at the penitentiary.

—A merchant who was absent from his home received a telegram informing him of his wife's safe delivery of a little girl; at the same time a letter from his partner advising him that a draft had been presented for $5000, and the signature seemed rather doubtful. The merchant replied to both dispatches, but misdirected them. The astonishment of the wife may be imagined when she read: "I know nothing about it; it's a swindle." The partner received hearty congratulations upon his safe deliverance.

—The stock yard for cattle in Chicago comprises 345 acres, of which 90 are planked; 25,000 cattle pens, artesian wells that supply 700 000 gallons of water per day, and 17 miles of railroad connections with all the lines that run into the city. It is a town for cattle on the most improved principles.

—An inquisitive chap asked a soldier with an empty sleeve where he had lost his arm. "In a threshing machine," answered the soldier. "Were you running the machine?" "Well, no, Gen. Lee had charge."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Why the "Best Thinkers of France" Oppose the New Doctrine.

BY L. A. M.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

As the little paragraph headed "Emancipated Woman," which appeared in last Sunday's APPEAL, was in the "Women" column, I suppose we may be allowed to give our opinion on't. If the quotations therein given from the "Best Thinkers of France" truly represent the mental and moral caliber of said "best thinkers," how poor France is to be pitied! We should think Hottentot might do almost as well.

These precious poor thinkers undertake to give *their* reasons for opposing the Woman's Rights movement—and such reasons! My seven year old boy could give better.

One of these "best thinkers" answers Lucy Stone's arguments by telling her "*he shudders at the idea of an emancipated woman.*" Lucy will say, "Shudder on, if you choose." Or, may be she will ask him if he means he can only feel comfortable, and quit shuddering in the presence of slaves? Webster tells us: Emancipated means to "set free from servitude; to liberate from slavery." Does our "best French thinker" admit women are all in a state of servitude? His remark is a concession that Lucy is in the right; it gives a fine theme whereon to expatiate of man's selfishness.

A second of these "Best Thinkers" does not shudder! No; he amiably informs Lucy, in *his* opinion, "*Above all things a good woman should take pains to make good soup, and darn her husband's stockings.*" Lucy, being a sharp Yankee woman, will retort: "Suppose we have no husband? Must we go about making soup and darning stockings for some other woman's husband? Would not that make fusses in families? Dear, amiable, fat, elderly "Best Thinker!" He never thought of such an accident! He only remembered all *he* required of his wife was the good soup and the darned stockings. It never entered his torpid brain that the biggest goose could learn to make soup in half the time it would take to read three pages of political economy, especially if said pages were penned by the said "Best Thinker." What is easier than to get a good bone, put it in the pot, and the pot on the fire, with plenty of water and some vegetables and seasonings, and after a long boil, our "Best Thinker" may eat to his soul's satisfaction, and then doze away his repletion, lazily thanking the Gods no proclamation has ever emancipated *his* wife, or given her an ambition higher than soup-making?

The third "Best Thinker" is of another sort. He is not timid, like the first. He does not shudder as though woman were a chained dog; and if freed would seize him by the throat with her savage teeth. Nor does he esteem "good soup" as the best gift of the high gods. No! Our third "Best Thinker," with his hat jauntily set on his head, his waggish eye cocked saucily at Miss Stone, a stump of a cigar in his mouth—he is a good sort of a fellow, a little fast, a little *blase*—he says to Miss Lucy: "*All I ask of a woman is to be beautiful!*" Lucy is aghast, as well she may be. Pretty soon, though, being a spunky little Yankee, thoroughly in earnest, she summons courage to combat this novel sort of opposition. Says she: "Now, really, Mr. 'Best Thinker,' you do not ask a little bit unreasonable? Just think a moment: don't you *know* you do our very best to be beautiful? Don't you know, ever since the very day Eve first looked in the mirroring waters and dressed her hair with roses to fascinate Adam, every one of us have been doing our utmost to be pretty? Good Heaven! what more *can* we do? Don't we paint and powder, and puff and curl, and pile on big waterfalls, and trail our skirts, and pinch our feet, and screw in our waists, and fill out our busts, and Grecian bend it, panniers and all, to be ourselves beautiful? Yet, unreasonable, unfeeling man! you *won't* be satisfied. You keep on pushing us to greater exertions! Do you want us to kill ourselves out right, trying to please you?"

The last, and by far the best, of these "Best French Thinkers," is very unlike any of the foregoing. This best of the best is a lordly fellow—a grand fellow! *He* descend to argue with Miss Stone? No, indeed! He puts the strong minded petition and pretences of grievances under his royal feet; he issues his fiat. Tremble, ye Stones and Mottes! Fall back, ye strong-minded troops! Seek safety in soup-pots, in pomades, in paints, in powders; defend yourselves with darning-needles and bodkins. This very best of the "Best Thinkers"—this master by right, of sex, says: "*Any woman who occupies herself with political economy, should be shot!*" We have not a doubt but that, after the issuance of that stunning ukase, the whole body of strong-minders collapsed, subsided, quit, and are at this moment meekly awaiting reconstruction after any approved plan. For our part, not being of the sisterhood, we are frank to confess, we like this lordly fellow—this master by right of sex. It is soothing and comforting to know we have such great and generous thinkers in our age, if not in our country. It is astonishing how far in advance—we will not say of the *best*, but of pretty good thinkers of America and England, is this thinker of France! Now, the pretty good thinkers of America and England not only do *not* advocate shooting women for a slight dabbling in political economy, but actually encourage them in that heinous crime. The arguments by which these "pretty good thinkers" justify their reprehensible course in this matter, may seem sound, but of course are specious. For instance, they say: "As it is plainly the destiny of the great majority of women to bear and rear children, the more their reasoning faculties are cultivated, the better such duties will be performed." Some even go so far as to hint the intellect of children is more dependent on, and derived from, the mother than the father; consequently, if a race of great men is desirable, it might be advisable to educate and elevate woman. Of course, few people pay any attention to such nonsense as this, for everybody knows it is the principal business of women to look as pretty as possible and to "*take pains and make good soup.*"

We wonder if these "Best French Thinkers" were not born already grown up? We wonder if they ever needed a mother, or know anything of a mother's duty? If they did, would they yet selfishly think women can have no better business in life than to minister to man's taste for "good soup" and pretty women?

—The London *Saturday Review* is of the opinion that, after all, more misery is produced by little grievances, like missing shirt buttons, tight boots, ill-fitting coats, unpunctual trains, than by the larger and more incurable ills, such as bereavement and monstrous ingratitude, and failure in the world.

—"So," said Hook, addressing a gatekeeper who was hoarse, "you haven't recovered your voice yet?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I've caught a fresh cold." "But why did you catch a fresh one?" asked Hook: "why didn't you have it cured?"

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following remarkable little poem is a contribution from the San Francisco *Times*, from the pen of Mrs L. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

Life.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be, is better far, than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate's but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For, live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Newell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniels; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, French; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Wilde; 30, Addison; 31, Sprague; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE

From Mobile River to Cape San Antonio in a Slaver.

Narrative of One of the Crew.

From the Mobile Register of the 23d and 24th inst.

[This reporter feeling that the late stir, made in the city in regard to the "slave trade," as alleged to be carried on from this port by certain parties, has made it his business to find out what he could about the matter. In his peregrinations around the docks and sailor-boarding houses, he "ran afoul" of a sea-faring man, who "sat him down" and related what is here transcribed. The mariner seemed to be in earnest, and it must be admitted that his story bears impress of at least probability. However, that's with his conscience, not ours. After "freshening the nip" and lighting his pipe, he began:]—*Reporter of Mobile Register.*

I am an Englishman, leastwise, I hail from Liverpool, though I was born in Guernsey. However, I take it, it don't matter much difference where a man was born; I was brought up to the sea; been in everything from a hundred gun frigate down to a catamaran. But about this schooner and the blackbird business; you see, I got here to Mobile from Liverpool in the ship ——, about the first of ——, 1866, and was paid off and came up from down the bay with a little money in my pocket. After a good drift about town, during which I spent all I had, I began to look about for a chance to get afloat again.

With this in my mind, I called in at the shipping-office at the foot of C—— street, but there was nothing up for the other side; the cotton-droghers had all gone, and all that was on the berth was a few coasters up for York, Boston, and thereabouts; those fore-and-afters don't suit me; I like a square-rigger; and so I concluded to try a while longer at the boarding house and see if they wouldn't be a slight for a voyage across the pond.

I forgot to tell you, in the right place, that soon after I came ashore I fell in with a kind of half sailor half 'long shoreman—as good a fellow as you ever clapped eyes on—he helped me spend my money like a man, and when it was gone used to scare up a few dollars of his own once in a while, and keep us from going to the bad altogether.

Well, as I was saying, I left the shipping-office without getting a chance for anywhere, and went up to my boarding-house in G—— street. I found my chum there, and he proposed a walk around the town, and we went out. We were talking over the dull times, and other things, as we walked, and he said that he had heard that sailors were wanted at Galveston for a ship and two barques that were there nearly ready for sea, and only waiting for crews.

The vessels might as well have been in Akyab for all the good they were to me, or him either, and so I told him. But, says he, there's a schooner that's going to Galveston to take blacks down there to work on the railroad, or dig ditches, or something, and she wants four men; and he laid out that he and I should ship in her. I had seen the schooner, and didn't like her overmuch—an old ballyhoo that looked more like a fish-car than she did like a sea-going craft—but rather than be caught here for the summer, I thought I would try her a whack anyhow, and so we went down aboard.

She was lying at the foot of T—— street, and when we got on her deck, I tell you the first thing that crossed my mind was "blackbird," for you see I'd made a cruise or two to the mouth of Longo and to the Whiddah, and when I saw the blacks down in the hold, and got a whiff of the breeze that came up through the main hatch, it put me in mind of the times when Portugee Joe used to ship good a.b.'s in Havana "for St. Thomas and a market."

These being not exactly the times for that sort of business, and this latitude a little warm for anybody that might crook a finger at Moco, I was kind of shaky about undertaking the voyage, and so said to my chum. The captain wasn't aboard, the mate said, and he told us to come down in about an hour. We walked ashore and sat down over by the cotton press, and had a chat about the schooner, and "niggers, and Galveston, and so on. My chum said the vessel was all right so far as the negroes were concerned, because some fellows that had the billet of looking after all the negroes in the country was fitting her out, and engaging the negroes, and paying the money, and all that. Maybe it is, says I, but if it is I am fooled, that's all; anyhow, if you say we're to go in her, why go it is.

So, while we were talking the captain and mate come down from up town, and my chum goes up to him and asked him if he wanted any more men. The skipper told him he would like to get four or five good men if he could, but wanted them right away, as he was going to try to get to sea in a day or two. He called us into the cabin and told us the wages, and hauled out a set of articles and wanted us to clap our fists to them. I looked at my chum, and he said to the captain that he wanted a month's advance if we shipped, so he pulls out his wallet and gives us the $25 a piece as soon as we had signed. We wanted to go up town and get our dunnage, so he sent the mate up with us to see we didn't cut on him with the advance, and we were soon back on board and turned-to to work. The decks were all lumbered up with boxes and bundles, and it was little we could do towards making things look a little ship-shape. The rest of the crew came down about nightfall, some of them pretty crank along of the rum they had in them, and what, between the negroes in the hold and the drunken swabs in the forecastle, we didn't expect much sleep.

And it's well enough we didn't, for about 8 o'clock, or half-past, a tug came alongside of us and made fast, and started up the river past the town, 'round, as my chum said, to Spanish river. When we got down the Spanish river just above the fort at the head of the bay, we came to anchor, and the tug left us. As soon as she was clear of us, the second mate turned the hands up and had the darkies' dunnage stowed along the rail on both sides, like hammocks in a man-of-war, and after seeing all clear to make sail at a minute's notice, the hands, except an anchor watch, were told to go below.

In the morning when we turned out we had a chance to take a look at our shipmates. The captain was not a bad looking chap; plenty of life in him, and not afraid to look a man in the face when he gave an order. The mate and the second dickey were big, strapping fellows—good natured enough as long as nobody crossed them, but looked like men who wouldn't stand foolishness from anybody. A square-built, red nose fellow, a Nova Scotian, I take it, was a kind of acting bosun. The captain and mates were American born, so I found out afterwards, but talked to each other in some kind of lingo—sounded like Spanish or Portuguese—so the crew and darkies wouldn't get the run of what they said. There were eight men, all told, for'ard, and they seemed to know their work and appeared like pretty decent fellows. So my chum and I kept ourselves pretty much to ourselves and didn't mix with them, though we kept a sharp lookout on all that went on around decks. The steward gave us breakfast about seven bells, and from the mess pans we could see that grub wasn't scarce anyway. The "doctor" was a white chap—a foreigner like fellow, and he and the steward had some long pow-wows in the pantry. I don't know whether they knew where the vessel was bound or not; it didn't strike me then, but afterwards, when I came to look at it, I thought they knew all about it.

The "passengers" were fed by wholesale, in deck-buckets. They gave them plenty to eat, such as it was, but it took many a tub full of skilly to fill that lot up. They stood up to the rack and eat as long as they could cram a spoonful in and then rolled over on deck for a snooze, and between eating and sleeping passed the day very nicely. They seemed to be most all from the plantation—almost as stupid-looking as some I had seen brought on board in canoes from the barracoons on the Guinea coast. They talked about the big things they would do when they got to Texas—how sorry they were that Joe, or Jim, or Backy, or Sally, had not come along. Good job, I guess, that they didn't come along.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a small boat pulled alongside and a long-haired man, with a high hat, came aboard and dived into the cabin and had a talk with our captain. In a few minutes the captain and the long-haired chap came on deck, and as the new comer stepped into the boat, the skipper called the mate and gave some orders in the same lingo that they always used when talking to each other.

The mate come for'ard and had the hawser led out ready to give to the tug which he said was to take us in tow about 10 o'clock. The captain stayed on deck, and seemed to be uneasy, and kept a sharp lookout towards the town. As the sun was going down, he went into the cabin and sent for the mate. The mate didn't stop long below, but came on deck and called the men aft to set the watches. Tommy and I fell into the captain's watch, and after the hands had all been told off, we went into the forecastle, but didn't turn in because we thought the tug would be alongside before 12 o'clock. Sure enough, about 10 the tug, a little propeller, came puffing alongside, hitched on to us, and stood down the bay. At 12 o'clock my watch came on deck, but there was nothing to do, and Tommy and I had a smoke and a talk on the break of the forecastle until near 4 o'clock, when I saw we were abreast of the Fort at the mouth of the bay.

Eight bells struck as we passed the lighthouse on Sand Island. There was a fresh breeze from the north'ard-and-east'ard, and when the starboard watch came on deck, the tug cast us off, sail was made on the schooner, and our watch went below. Up to this everybody had been so busy that there was no time for palaver, and Tommy and I were too tired to think of it now that we had a chance to sleep, so we were soon in our bunks, balling it off at the rate of ten knots an hour. We were roused out again at seven-bells, and took our breakfast and turned to. It was my first wheel, and the man I relieved gave me the course "sou'-soth-east." The wind was almost fair, and bowled us along on an even keel at about five or six knots. Now that we were outside, everything went along smooth enough, only there was nothing to do. Generally speaking, these schooner masters can cut out enough work in one day to last a crew a week, but our chap didn't seem to have any sails to mend, or old gear to overhaul, or anything of that sort, so all we had to do was to stand a trick at the wheel, smoke a pipe, and listen to the darkies sing hymns; and they did sing hymns as though the devil himself was coming over the stern, until the wind hauled and blew a little fresher, and made a nice bit of a sea, and then they opened their mouths for quite another kind of music. I've seen sick niggers, but that hundred and fifty were sicker than I ever thought five hundred could be. A rain-squall drove them below, and of all the messes that was ever seen, the hold of that schooner topped them all. The smell nearly drove us out of the forecastle, and you know what an old shell-back can stand. I was sorry for them, but that was all the good it done.

The day passed off; night came on with dirty, puffy weather and the officer of the deck shortened sail a little in the last dog-watch. At 12 o'clock, the first twenty-four hours out of Mobile Bay, we went on deck again; Tommy lit his pipe for a smoke, and I went aft to relieve the wheel; as I walked along 'midships I saw the mate and second-mate standing by the door of the companion-way talking. They spoke in English this time, and as I passed them the mate said that it was d—d hard to have to come to sea short-handed on a venture like this. I did not hear what the second-mate answered, but what I had heard put me to thinking, and, I tell you, "black-birds" flew across my mind again. The vessel was better manned than ever I had seen a schooner before, and what the mate meant by short-handed was more than I could fathom. The course was still about the same, "sou'-soth'-east," but whether this was the course to Galveston or not I couldn't tell. Two of the other fellows in my watch couldn't steer, so Tommy took the wheel from me, and I had no chance to tell him what I had heard, but after the watch went below, I took him up for'ard on the heel of the bowsprit and I told him all about the short-handed business. He didn't know what to make of it no more than I did, but said that they must show their hands in a day or two, and cautioned me not to speak to any one about it, but let things take their course. The next morning about 10 o'clock Tommy went aft to clear the main-sheet which had fouled, and looking through the cabin window saw the captain and second mate taking handcuffs from a barrel that stood against the bulk-head for'ard. The darkies were wound around with straw, Tommy said, and when they unwrapped them looked bright and new.

The schooner, bad as she looked, was a good sailer, and as we had had a fresh breeze ever since sailing we were by this time well down the Gulf; I never had a chance to see the old man's slate, but I knew that many a mile lay between us and Mobile Bay.

The negroes were still "off their feed" and as weak as bean-water; and Tommy thought, and so did I, that the next move would be to call all hands and let them into the secret, but nothing of the kind was done, and night found us still "bound to Galveston with freedom to work on plantations." And at four o'clock in the morning, when we turned out, the schooner was still driving along, laying her course, and going through the water at a tip-top rate, which was kept up all day. Towards night it came on to blow and rain again, and the little schooner pitched about like an egg-shell, playing the very deuce with the inside works of our "passengers."

At 8 o'clock every thing had been made snug, and the watch had started to go below, when the mate came forward to the waist and told all hands to muster aft. The men, Tommy and I with the rest, ranged ourselves along on deck in a line. The captain and the two mates stood on the windward side of the deck in front of us, looking like officers overhauling a row of soldiers. After looking to see that all hands were there, the Captain said—"Men, I suppose you know what you were shipped in this schooner for; the time has come for us to put things in train to carry out our design. The first thing, of course, is to get the irons on the negroes—after that we shall have time enough to"——here my chum, Tommy, and I both put our

TO THE PUBLIC.

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SUNDAY APPEAL.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 27, 1868.

For President.....HORATIO SEYMOUR.
For Vice President.....FRANK P. BLAIR.

TENNESSEE.

EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
For Congress.....JOHN W. LEFTWICH.
For Elector.....W. W. VAUGHAN.

THE NEWS.

Franklin Pierce is recovering, and hopes to be out in a few days.

Some of our citizens were sold, says a Montgomery, Ala., paper, by a rascal claiming to be a son of Horatio Seymour.

Barnard Cass died in Hillsdale county, Mich., a few days ago. He was born in New Hampshire, in 1776, and was a brother of the late Lewis Cass.

The Pope amuses himself during the summer months by frequent visits to his camp at Rocca di Papa. He is in excellent health for a man seventy-nine years old.

Notwithstanding very heavy shipments recently, there are 104,103 barrels of flour and 1,060,279 bushels of grain more in Chicago than there were at the same time last year. The *Journal* says that the manufacture of flour at the West has assumed gigantic proportions.

Jamaica letters say that rain is very much wanted in the lowland parishes to insure good crops for next season. The canes look dry and parched, and on lowlying estates the drought has been severely felt. It has affected considerably the coffee crop, which will be very short next season. The pimento crop has also suffered a great deal.

The affidavits of Benjamin Capers, colored, and Mr. E. P. Lemon, show the existence of organized armed bodies of men in South Carolina, who claim to receive their authority for the same from Gov Scott and one Sam Johnson, a colored member of the Legislature. They defy the laws and act only through the directions of the League, and hold courts for the trial of all offenders.

Sir John Young, the new Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, is an Irishman by birth, and represented for many years in the Imperial Parliament the county of Cavan, in which his estates are situated. Sir John comes of an old Scotch family, having its origin with John Young a "burgess of Edinburg" in the year 1445. He was born on the 31st of August, 1807, and married, April 8 1835 Adelaide Annabella, daughter of the late Marchioness of Headfort, by her first husband, Edward Dalton.

The Texas *State Gazette* says: "A friend, writing from Gatesville, says the Indians have opened their fall raids on stealing, on the 27th and 28th ultimo, near three hundred head of horses in this, Weand Bend county. Two were shot and severely wounded Mr. Jeff Chisholm, on Clear creek and killed a widow's son—quite a boy. They escaped as usual. If the organization would turn their attention to an outrage they could find a field of lawlessness and crime, and border suffering worthy of their best efforts of relief and condign punishment."

The St. Joseph (Mo) *Gazette* of the 19th inst., tells of a street encounter in Savannah on that day which Harry Love a noted pioneer, had his arm severely shattered that amputation above the elbow was necessary and which operation he underwent. Capt. Love was a famous pioneer to California and killed the celebrated robber Joaquin, though jealous enemies have tried to rob him of the honor. For a number of years Capt. Love lived a retired life on his ranch on the Bayou, where he was seen nothing more daring, than a shot gun and bluff honest manners gained for him the name in the settlement of "the Black Knight of the Bayou." He was highly esteemed for his bravery, generosity and fair dealings with all men. He was a "rough diamond."

The Lord Ashburton, who died on the 6th inst., was the second son of Alexander, first baron, by his wife, Anne Louisa eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia. He was born May 20, 1820, and married in January, 1853, Hon. Claire Hortense, daughter of the late Duke of Sesto, by whom he leaves issue Alexander, his successor in the title, and late M. P. for Thetford; the Hon. Daniel Hugh and an only daughter, Mary Louisa Anne, married to the Duke of Grafton. The deceased nobleman succeeded to the title in 1861, on the death of his elder brother, William Bingham, second lord. Previously to his accession to the family honors he had long represented Thetford in Parliament—namely, from 1832 to 1841 and from July, 1848, to December, 1857. He was a conservative in politics, but, like his father and brother, was moderate in his views and generally voted with the class of politicians once denominated "Peelite."

The St. Louis *Republican* of Wednesday, publishes the death of Hon. Nathaniel McConald, late Judge of the Probate Court of that city. He died most unexpectedly at New Albany, Md. He was a Radical, but a man of cultivated mind, and no ordinary intellectual abilities. As a public speaker, his language was copious and ornate, and his delivery impressive. The state of his health compelled him to resign his seat upon the bench, and seek the quiet of private life. He left St. Louis and took up his residence at the beautiful place of his father in the vicinity of New Albany. Neither the clear county air nor the anxious care of friends and medical aid, however, could arrest the progress of the disease which terminated his life. A young wife mourns his loss, but we believe he leaves no children.

The English Government seems to persist in the appointment of the Earl of Mayo as Governor-General of India, although nearly the entire press of India, on the first report of such an appointment, entered an emphatic protest against it. The Right Hon. Richard Southwell Bourke, sixth Earl of Mayo, was born in Dublin, February 21, 1822. He was, as Lord Naas, chief Secretary for Ireland, in Lord Derby's first administration in 1852, and on that occasion was made a Privy Councillor. He held the same office in Lord Derby's second administration, in 1858-59; and again with a seat in the Cabinet, in Lord Derby's third administration, in 1866. He was returned to the House of Commons as one of the members in the conservative interest for the county of Kildare, in August, 1847; was member for Coleraine from March, 1852, till March, 1857, when he was returned as one of the members of Cockermouth. This place he represented until August, 1857, when he succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Mayo, in the peerage of Ireland. He is the author of a work on "St. Petersburg and Moscow."

The South has lost another of its gifted sons in the death of Col. D. C. Glenn, who died in Mississippi on Saturday last. Col. Glenn was a North Carolinian by birth, but has resided in Mississippi during his whole manhood prosecuting the practice of law with evident success. At the age of forty five he has been cut down in the maturity of his powers and his fame. As a lawyer, as Attorney General of the State of Mississippi, as the leader of the bar in South Mississippi, politician, he had attained the highest distinction. He was a most impressive and winning speaker, and before a jury was irresistible. His learning and knowledge of the laws were large in the office and he was exceedingly effective, earnest and thoughtful as an advocate in the maintenance of the principles and policies of the South. His genius was ardent, impetuous and highly nervous. In the social relations no man was more esteemed and loved by all who knew him. His friendship was unfaltering to the most devoted and all such employments in the dust of D. C. Glenn. His memory will be honored and cherished by every son of that gallant State.

—Tar Water, it is asserted, may be employed for dying silk and wool with the color called *gris ecarire* or ash-gray. The stuff is first moistened with weak perchloride of iron, by soaking in the solution for some hours. It is then drained and passed through the bath of tar water. The oxyphenate of iron, which is thus precipitated on the fabric, gives a very solid color.

AGRICULTURAL MOVEMENT.

We are glad to be the witness of a real movement among our substantial farmers and business men in favor of an improvement in our agricultural interests. The premium list, which we have the pleasure of publishing this morning, from the Agricultural Association of Shelby county, is a move in the right direction. It may not be such a movement as we could desire; the premiums may not be such as to strike the fancy and attract the cupidity of those who regard such fairs as a lottery, in which they may draw high prizes; but nevertheless, this fair will elicit the utmost efforts of our best farmers and our most accomplished ladies to enlist in honest competition, and thus show what even taxridden and surely oppressed people may do to throw off political thraldom and rise to personal independence.

It should not be forgotten that these premiums, small as they may appear to some, are the free-will offerings of our generous business men, who, poor as they are, and heavy as have been their losses for the last three years, feel it to be their first duty to encourage the great producing interests of our country, upon whom every other interest depends for support. They are not the *bonus* which a wealthy corporation throws out to a thriving agricultural people to pamper their pride and to increase their wealth by magnificent inducements. They simply amount to a recognition of merit and of excellence, and, as such, will be cherished by every true farmer as a higher appreciation than costly gold medals. Some there may be who will complain that the Association does not offer sufficiently valuable consideration for the merit of exhibiting the best specimens of their skill and labor. Let them consider that no one is expected to exhibit his animals or articles, with the view of making money. The great purpose is to encourage an honorable emulation among producers and manufacturers, and to ascertain who *now stand foremost* in the race for excellence, in the competition for superiority. It is desired to apply such tests as shall excite a worthy rivalry.

The Association could not offer large premiums, if they desired; they could not extend their list of premiums to all objects of merit, because they have not the means. They are only beginning, and *from a small beginning* they hope to build up an Association that shall meet the most ambitious views and aims of all who are willing to enter into so noble a competition. They have, by this effort, inaugurated in our city and county a movement which we wish to see go forward, and which will be encouraged by every man in the city and country who has the least appreciation of the sources of public prosperity and of individual wealth. Diversified labor—or, at all events, labor of some sort—in the right direction, is what we need. Whenever we all come to feel that we must look to this great lever to make us independent, our troubles will end, and demagogues and mere peddling politicians will lose their influence and their power to harm and to demoralize the country.

We trust that this first Agricultural Fair since the late war, will be well attended, and that our people will vie with each other in bringing forward the products of their skill and labor. There may be more wonderful things seen at this Fair than many imagine. "There are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

We have been compelled to leave over, as a *bon bouche* for next Sunday, the translation from HEINRICH HEINES' "Gods in Exile," in consequence of our desire to place before our readers, in full, the statement of a participator in the slave trade between Mobile and Cuba, carried on after the war, and of which something was said at the time, but official inquiry into which was prevented by the Government friends of the Northern men and Federal officers engaged in the horrid traffic.

HON. EMERSON ETHERIDGE.

This gentleman, as per announcement made in yesterday's APPEAL, will address the Democracy of Memphis, at Greenlaw's Opera House, to-morrow night. We hope the Clubs will all turn out, and in torch-light procession march to the Hall. Mr. ETHERIDGE, one of the standard-bearers for the State at large, is a speaker of rare eloquence and ability, and will doubtless interest and enchain his audience. We bespeak for him a large turn out.

COTTON—TRADE CRISIS.

The New York *Nation*, a Radical paper of rather respectable character, though bitterly hostile to our interests, in an article of the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle*, published in the same city, suggests the approach of a panic in trade, in consequence of what it believed would be realized as a crop of cotton for this year—from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 bales. We hope it will make haste to assure its friends that the contrary is the case, and ask the *Chronicle* to repeat what is now a settled conviction with us of the South, that the crop will not more than reach one-half the last quoted figures, if it foots up anything over a million bales.

REVIVAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Col. JOHN FORSYTH, of the Mobile *Register*, has for some time past been engaged in ferreting out the facts of the trade in negroes, established in 1866 between Mobile and the island of Cuba. He has so far progressed as to be able to prove, through noted Radicals, that the present Radical Speaker of the Senate of Alabama was the head of the band who kidnapped and run the negroes to Cuba. A colored man named Lewis Henderson, in a letter to the *Register* of the 20th inst., substantiates all that Mr FORSYTH relates, and says that Mr. GRIFFIN, editor of the Radical organ of Mobile, "a party to the crime, has kept it dark until now, and now says send a lawyer to him and he will tell all about it. He confesses that the deed was done, and that Mr. HARRINGTON, Speaker of the Senate, was one of the party."

The Radicals of Alabama are greatly stirred up about this matter, and already the negroes are so exercised they are making preparations to force an investigation that will prove most conclusively that the Southern allies of the New York *Tribune* and Cincinnati *Commercial* are thieves, "man stealers," worse than any ever denounced by a WILBERFORCE or GREELEY. The reader will find a narrative of the transaction on the first page of this issue. It shows up the first efforts at stealing of the carpet-baggers of Mobile.

RADICAL RIOTS.

The recent riot at Camilla, Ga., and the two attempts at riot, within a week, in New Orleans, coupled with the many which have heretofore been reported throughout the country, and the threats of annihilation of Democrats, daily made by leading Radicals and Radical organs, should warn our people that the scoundrels and ruffians who control the negro element of our population, are determined to rule and plunder, or to ruin by devilry and death. As far back as the commencement of the canvass, the APPEAL called the attention of the people of this city and of the State to the fact that in every ward and county armed bands of negroes were being drilled and excited by incendiary harangues, in preparation for opportunities and occasions for bloodshed, to be made by the villains who are in the pay of GRANT and COLFAX, and their revolutionary aids.

The *Bulletin* of this city, on the 14th of this month, in an editorial headed "Cast out this Ashan," confessed that the negroes of the SMITH wing of its infamous and bloody minded party were held in readiness on the Saturday night previous, armed and equipped, for a murderous onslaught on the Democratic procession, composed of unarmed men. The *Bulletin* in that article alluded to BARTON LEWIS, the immoral and lewd brute who, in his misshapen person, carries, like BEAST BUTLER, the indefaceable stamp of his villainously disordered mind. But LEWIS feared the after results—the loss of his office as County Commissioner, which affords him a means of plunder and party support—and at the eleventh hour he gave up the job and ran away from the city.

So, too, we learn, from reliable authority, that Governor BULLOCK, of Georgia, an ungrateful incendiary, had knowledge, and imparted that knowledge to persons in Augusta, about the time of its occurrence, that the negroes would test the disposition of the white people to uphold the laws and prevent the assemblage of armed bands at Camilla. In New Orleans, also, warning, as we are informed, was given of the proposed attack, by negroes who desired to prevent what must ensue if this thing of frequent riot is not stopped—a war of races, in which the weaker must expect the inevitable result in every instance in which the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race has been brought into bloody opposition with one less intelligent, and isolated from its recuperative stock.

The New York *Tribune*, conducted in a spirit that is best phrased as "hell bent," with many capitals and exhaustive adjectives, throws to the world its distortions of the truth as to these affairs, and lustily bellows "rebels in arms!" when it knows these are but the results of the preparation of the Radical conclave at Washington, of which its editors were members. So with the Chicago *Republican* and *Tribune*, the Missouri *Democrat* of St. Louis, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and all others of the leading Radical organs who take their cue from the head devils, and print and reprint falsehoods of a people stricken to the earth under the heaviest load inflicted upon mankind since Moses administered the curses of God to the faithless Egyptians.

These Editors, intelligent as to the real condition and disposition of our people, in the most wanton spirit of party subserviency, distort facts out of all recognition by the actors in the scenes they propose to picture. Foiled as they have been in many attempts to hold us as a people responsible for the utterances of prominent individuals among us, they have recourse to this last resort and incite the negroes to murder us, charging us with riot and rebellion when we simply stand in self-defense against their ignorant and brutal mobs. Such is the peace to which we are invited by General GRANT. Such is the nature of Radicalism and Radical Journalism and the state of things they will, if successful in electing a President, perpetuate over us.

REGISTRATION.

It is all important that those of our people who are not, should be registered as soon as possible, before the day of election. We are glad to notice that the attention of the Democracy was called to this matter last night by the Central Club, and we hope the Executive Committee of the county, and of the several clubs, will take prompt steps for the registration of all those entitled under the law to the privilege. We want all the votes we can get. Hurry up the registration, gentlemen.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Gen. PRIM and his co patriots, so far as we are advised by telegraph, have achieved solid victories over the army of the Queen. Indeed, some accounts aver this to be an easy job, since the army, as well as the people, are ripe for a change that cannot but better the impoverished state of things to which the whims of a bad and wilful woman and frequent changes and revolutions have reduced their country. A column of the insurgents are expected shortly at the gates of the capital, where the people are prepared to receive them with open arms. If successful, the revolutionists propose to appeal to the nation and call a constituent assembly. The Provisional Government located at Cadiz has up to this time been animated by great good sense and regard for the lives and property of all non-combatants, and its members are sanguine of success.

FAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

As evidences of the increased attention to the business affairs of life, and the peaceful intentions of our people, we may cite the number of agricultural and horticultural fairs occurring and to occur this season in various parts of the State. We remember two or three in East Tennessee, and read in the Nashville papers of that of Sumner county, now in progress at Gallatin, and of the fair of the State Horticultural Society, just closed at Nashville. In addition to these, we hear that the people of Rutherford county are preparing for a fair to be held at Murfreesboro October 13 h, for which they have expended $14 000 on improving the grounds and the construction of a suitable amphitheater. And all this money and effort is for the *first* agricultural fair ever held in that county. If the editors of Radical papers so fond of looking into and lying about our affairs would only tell the world that patronizes them about such efforts as these, our working men would find less difficulty in finding at the North the necessary capital to carry on their business, and the people of that section of the country would learn to regard us as Christian and intelligent communities, instead of swaggering bullies ever thinking of cruelties when not practising murder.

THE LOUISIANA SOCIAL-EQUALITY BILL VETOED.

We congratulate the people of Louisiana upon the veto by Governor WARMOUTH of the infamous Social-Equality Bill recently passed by the Legislature of that State. From gentlemen resident in New Orleans, we learn the gratifying intelligence that it will be impossible for the friends of the measure to force it through the Senate and House again by the requisite two-thirds majority. Great excitement prevails among the negroes of New Orleans, who are clamorous for the life of the unfortunate Governor.

WILKES, of the *Spirit of the Times*, does not like either the politics or the personal habits of Mr. SEYMOUR. In his paper he says, to the advantage of that gentleman, that GOVERNOR SEYMOUR is "a cold, blue, purring churchman, who is one of the orators of the Episcopal Synod, and who probably never drank a glass of generous wine in his life." On the other hand, General GRANT just suits him, who, he says, "drink, smoke, talk horse and fight with equal facility; and who don't mind a round oath when the battle is on."

THE Mobile *Tribune* says: Some of our exchanges have protested against the *Tribune's* indulgence in laudations of the "Lost Cause," as calculated to work injury to the interests of the South and the Democratic party. Their strictures are founded on a paragraph, widely copied as coming from the Mobile *Tribune*, indulging in dreams of the resurrection of the "Confederate flag," etc. The *Tribune* pronounces the paragraph a forgery, and requests its Democratic *confreres* everywhere to brand it as such, and any of like nature that may be attributed to that paper.

GIRARDIN, a distinguished French writer, discussing the present condition of Europe, asks these questions: When was a great military peace establishment found to be consistent with liberty? Where did the two ever exist together? Never; no where; in Europe or America. It is only the plotters for military despotism and an organized partisan militia who desire, like Brownlow, to perpetuate the present state of things in this State and in the Union, who clamor for the sustenance of an expensive and cormorant military establishment.

By Telegraph.

NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, September 26.—The Municipal election to-day passed off quietly. A. Alden, the present incumbent, was re-elected by 520 majority. All of the Aldermen, except one, and all of the Councilmen, except two, are supporters of Alden. Thornbury secured but one Ward—the Fifth. Both of the candidates are Republicans and supporters of Grant and Colfax. The Democrats and Conservatives united on Thornbury. The *Press and Times*, the leading Radical organ, also supports him, as well as a large portion of the regular voters. During the afternoon the street in front of the Fourth Ward polls was patrolled by a company of the 45 h regulars.

All Rains, a negro, was stabbed and mortally wounded, in the Sixth Ward to-day. No other difficulty is reported.

One of the negroes shot last night is dead, and another cannot survive.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

CONCORD, September 26.—Ex President Pierce is still very feeble, and his nerves are quite shattered. It is doubtful whether he ever gets about again.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, September 26.—GOV. WARMOUTH to-day vetoed the Civil Rights Bill. His message has raised a storm of denunciation from the negroes. The colored members of the Legislature occupied the session to-day until the adjournment in denouncing Warmouth's ingratitude to the negroes, saying that this day parts Wormouth from the Radical party.

GEORGIA.

ATLANTA, September 26.—A bill to organize and call into service the State militia, has been defeated in both houses. The House resolution to adjourn to the 6 h of October to-day, was agreed to by the Senate. The House refused to reconsider the bill making an amendment to the Constitution removing the capital to Milledgeville.

NEW YORK, September 26.—A special dispatch from Washington to the *Evening Post* gives a synopsis report of Maj. Howard's Superintendent and Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, in relation to the recent riot at Camilla. Maj. Howard says he had much difficulty in restraining the freedmen, who were much excited and desired to go to Camilla to rescue the Republicans there. He counseled them to remain quiet, promising the affair should be investigated, and if any wrong had been done, it should be righted. They departed, apparently satisfied. Major Howard forwarded a partial list of the killed and wounded, numbering thirty-four, all of whom were freedmen except three. Pierce, the candidate for Congress, was not hurt.

A report, dated Albany, Ga., addressed to Col. J. R. Davis, says the affair seems to have been a massacre. Statements of Murphy and freedmen are appended to the report, showing the nature of the attack and the manner in which the freedmen were pursued and hunted in the swamp.

Maj. Howard telegraphed to Gen. Sibley, on the 21st, that unless protection was immediately afforded the freedmen, he should earnestly request to be relieved from further duty in the Bureau.

[The above statement of the correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* impudently foisted upon Democratic journals by the Associated Press, we pronounce to be an unmitigated falsehood, made in face of the fact that the riot was known to be on the tapis by Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, and other prominent Radicals, who openly applauded the acts of the armed negroes.—EDS APPEAL.]

The Senate to-day made the bill declaring negroes ineligible to office the special order for Monday.

In the House a Committee of Republicans made a report which was unanimously adopted, rehearsing the action of Georgia since the war closed, and asserting that all had been done by the State in accordance with the act of Congress. It deprecates inflammatory appeals to the negroes, and abusive political prints and speeches, and states that facts are perverted and the imagination drawn upon to give to the world a tissue of falsehoods, and producing the impression abroad that there is but little protection here for life or security for person or property.

The report asserts that it is the purpose of the white people faithfully to protect the negro race in the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges and immunities granted them by the Constitution and laws of the United States and the Constitution and laws of the State. It asserts that there is no purpose by any party of the State, to impair the Constitutional rights of the people to peaceably assemble for the consideration of any matter, or obstruct any portion of the people in the enjoyment of any other Constitutional right or privilege.

The National Park Bank of New York has declined to loan money on the credit of the State of Georgia.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, September 26.—The delegation of the Alabama Legislature having neglected to bring an authenticated copy of the resolution under which they are acting, will await its arrival by mail, before visiting the President. Governor Smith is with the delegation by request of the Legislature to advise and support them. He has no official functions to perform here in connection with the application for troops. He is of the opinion that the action of the Legislature, though unusual in form, meets the requirements of the Constitution in the matter of securing Federal aid, though he does not freely sympathize with the Legislature in its call for additional troops, and expresses confidence in his own ability to maintain the peace of the State. He says that the people desire peace, and that he has the assurance of men of both parties of support in his efforts. There is some disorder on the line of Tennessee and north of Mobile, but elsewhere throughout the State there are no indications of disturbance, and no opposition to resist the laws, nor has any officer regularly installed been resisted in the performance of his duties. The Governor is apprehensive that during the excitement of the coming election imprudent parties may commit acts which will lead to a serious disturbance unless restrained by some assurance from the President that they will be put down by Federal authority. Beyond this assurance Gov. Smith is inclined to think that no interference is necessary at present.

Attorney Cowenton, in support of the appeal of the Surratt case, holds that the statute of limitation, as a defense was not before the court in the pleadings, and consequently the prosecution was not bound by the statute. He also claims that that statute does not extend to persons fleeing from justice, and that the prosecution should have had an opportunity of proving that Surratt was not excepted from the operations of the statute, because he was a person fleeing from justice. A new indictment will be submitted to the grand jury.

A delegation from Alabama, headed by Governor Smith, to request the President to send troops to that State to preserve order, arrived last evening.

It is said that the subject of Indian difficulties in the West was considered in the Cabinet meeting yesterday.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 26.—A suit has been instituted in the New York District Court for the Southern District of New York by Messrs. Cushings, of Newburyport, Mass., against Mr. John Laird, Jr., of Berkenhead, England, for a loss sustained by them by the burning of their ship Sonora, in the Straits of Malacca, in December, 1863, by the Alabama, which the libelants say was built and fitted out, in direct violation of the laws of Great Britain, by Mr. Laird. An attachment has been issued against some funds owned by Mr. Laird, and supposed to be deposited in the United States Sub-Treasury in this city.

In the case of the United States against Commissioner Rollins, the principal evidence was that of Mr. Anderson relative to the seizure of a distillery in Brooklyn, and to show that one of the defendants in the case had released the distillery in question on the payment of a consideration. The examination on this point was objected to, but after a long discussion it was allowed. The examination was not proceeded with, and the court adjourned till Monday.

Mr. Binckley is still in the city, and is just as sanguine as ever that the prosecution which he has begun against one of the most gigantic frauds of the nineteenth century will result in the complete overthrow of the whisky ring, and punishment of many of its most prominent members.

The weather has changed from warm this morning to chilly, with an easterly rain, which prevails this evening.

Police officers, McCrady and Shehon, were to-day held in $1000 bails for trial, on a charge of beating a citizen for refusing to pay them black mail.

The Water street prayer meetings to-day were well attended. One of the exhorters at Allen's proposed that prayer meetings should be opened in Fifth Avenue, as there were more wicked persons there than in Water street. A man now parambulates Water street with a sign containing the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, the time is short."

There were 454 deaths during the week.

The National Labor Congress to-day voted a salary to its President. The resolution relative to emigration was explained as not being aimed against emigration, but the Aid Society, which is a monopoly, practically introducing white slavery into the country. Miss Cady Stanton made a speech favoring emigration. The President made a valedictory address, expressing the hope that the National Labor Party will elect a President of the United States and carry consternation into Wall street. The Congress then adjourned *sine die*.

Mrs. A. Lincoln leaves here on the first of October for Liverpool.

The Rollins-McCullough conspiracy case was continued to day, by the examination of witnesses, but nothing important was elicited.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 26.—In the Oregon Legislature, the House has passed a bill repealing the law requiring an oath of allegiance to be taken by those drawing money from the State Treasury.

Honolulu advices to September 5th, state that the reported sinking of the eastern shore of Hawaii is confirmed, and the same occurrence was observed at Port Hilo. The subsidence at Hawaii in some places was from three to four feet, and in others from six to eight feet. At Hilo the greatest subsidence noted was eight inches. In Hilo, Para and Kau, from one to five earthquakes occur daily. There is considerable smoke rising from Kilawon, but little fire, however, is visible. At Hilo, on August 14th and 15th, the sea rose and fell from three to four feet every ten minutes.

The American Minister had published an official notice warning American ship owners and masters from participating in the Coolie trade between the Sandwich Islands and other ports.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, September 26.—The meeting at the Buckeye Course has been postponed until Monday on account of the weather.

A disturbance occurred in front of the *Enquirer* office last night between the Democrats and Republicans while a procession of the latter was passing. Two men named Bishop and Courtney were injured. The matter looked serious at one time, but peace was restored by the police.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CHESTER, September 26.—The bark Sunny Side, with a cargo of coal oil, was struck by lightning last night. An explosion followed, the pilot was blown overboard, and several of the crew scalded, but they were saved and brought ashore for medical aid.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD, September 26.—A woman was burned to death in Lee, yesterday, in a shanty where she lived alone.

BOSTON, September 26.—Delegates to the Republican Convention who are favorable to the nomination of Ben Butler have been chosen in Salem and Newburyport.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, September 26.—John Welles, who was confined in the State prison for horse stealing, committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, September 26.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows adjourned to-day, to meet next year in San Francisco.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, September 25.—Advices received this afternoon from Spain indicate that the rebels are especially strong on the seaboard or north coast. They hold possession of the fortified seaports of Corunna, Pontevedo and Vigo, and the mouth of the Tombere river, in the province of Corunna.

Two regiments of royal troops, who were sent from Madrid to put down the insurrection at Cadiz, are reported to have revolted on the road, and gone over to the rebel ranks.

Rev. Henry Milman, dean of St. Paul's Church, died to-day, aged sixty-seven.

It is reported that Madrid is quiet, but only waits the signal for rebellion, and that the Queen has abdicated in favor of her son Prince Asturias.

Lady Cecelia won the first race at New Market yesterday, Devon the second, Hornet's sister the third, Martinique the fourth and Brown Filley the fifth.

The *Times* this morning has an article on the designs of the United States on Mexico. It says: "We would approve of the absorption of that country into the American Union if we could be assured of two things, viz: The future peace of Mexico and the payment of the debt."

The case of Sarah Rachel Severson, better known as Madame Rachael, for a conspiracy to defraud Mrs Mary Tucker Barradale of a large sum of money, has been determined. The Judge sentenced Madame Rachael to five years imprisonment at hard labor.

PARIS, September 26 — Official dispatches from the Papal authorities give an account of an affray at San Leandro. The report is that after a sharp fight the rebels were worsted and took refuge on their fleet in the harbor.

The news from Spain is meager. The official reports state that the news is favorable to the government. The Emperor has invited Prince Napoleon to Paris to consult on Spanish affairs.

The *Moniteur* has the following from Catalina, Spain: "A battle between the Royal army, under Pons, and the insurgents, under Serrano, is momentarily expected; as at last accounts the hostile forces were nearing each other."

James Saimsina was sent to Queen Isabella by Gen. Canabu, praying that the young prince, Asturias, might go to the capital and assume the government of the nation. The Queen refused, and returned a reply that the prince should not rule a people composed of robbers and assassins.

BERNE, September 26.—A request to send representatives to the Peace Congress soon to assemble here, will be forwarded to the United States Government, as well as to the European nations.

VIENNA, September 26.—The *Debats* states that the Romans took no steps to prevent the recent disturbances in Belgravia.

The Sublime Porte has protested to the great European powers, and will make every effort to preserve the empire.

John Hay, the American Charge de Affaires, had an interview with the Emperor yesterday.

Count Andrassey, President of the Hungarian Ministry, has resigned.

ST. PETERSBURG, September 26.—There was much excitement here on the announcement of the total wreck of the Russian steamer Alexander Mewski, of Denmark. The Grand Duke Alexis was on board. It is expected that all hands will be saved.

Dispatches have been received announcing the safety of the Grand Duke Alexis.

TROY, N. Y.

TROY N Y., September 25.—Mr. McDonald fell out of a window last night, and was picked up dead this morning.

J. Cook, a tailor, was killed by falling under the train this morning, in attempting to get on.

TELEGRAPHIC MARKETS.

New York Market.

NEW YORK September 26—Cotton firm; sales 970 bales at 32½c. Flour; superfine State $6 75@7 25; round hoop Ohio $7 25@7 75; sales 6,000 bbls. Wheat 2@3c better; quiet; sales 67 000 bushels. Corn 1@2c better; sales 69,000 bushels. Beef quiet. Pork steady; new mess $21 50@21 75. Lard quiet; steam 19½@19¾c. Whisky dull at 95@96c. Freights firmer; cotton to Liverpool 3-16d; flour 2s 6d; corn 6d. Money in the market is steady. Call loans 5@6. Gold 134@135. Old Tennessee 65@70½; new, 68@69½.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, September 26—Cotton steady and demand active; middling 32½; receipts 4,000 bales; receipts 217 bales; exports coastwise 1948 bales. Sugar 13@13½c. New York sugars 14c. Molasses 55@60c. Flour quiet; superfine $7 12½@7 25; double extra $7 50@7 75; family $8 25@8 50. Corn 1@2c better; mixed 95@97½c; white 97½@100c. Oats 75@80c. Hay $30@35. Pork dull at $23 75@24. Bacon dull; shoulders 16½c; clear 19½c. Lard dull; tierce 19½c; keg 21½c.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, September 26—Tobacco quiet; sales 100 hhds; lugs $3@5 50; fair leaf $12@14; cutting $18@26; fine leaf $30@40. Flour quiet; fancy $10 50@11; family $9 50@10. Wheat $ 90@1 00. Corn 85@90c. Oats 70@75c. Rye $1 00@1 05. Barley $1 40@1 50. Hay $20@25. Pork dull at $23 50. Bacon—shoulders 15½c; sides 18½c. Lard 19@20c. Butter 30@35c. Coffee 25@30c. Sugar 12½@13c. Coffee 28@30c.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS September 26—Tobacco, lugs and bright leaf $7 to $40. Flour, superfine $5 50@6. Wheat $1 75@1 80. Corn 80@85c. Oats 60@65c. Rye $1 15@1 20. Barley, choice 140@145c; prime 130@135c; common 120@125c. Pork $23 50@24. Bacon—shoulders 12½@13c; clear sides 16@16½c. Whisky 93@95c. Sugar 12½@13c. Coffee 28@30c. Apples $2@3. Sugar 12½@13c. Coffee 28@30c.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, September 26—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat $1 05. Corn 65c. Oats 60@62c. Rye $1 04. Barley $1 40. Pork $23 75. Bacon—shoulders 14@15c; sides 17½. Beef, shoulders 14@15c; sides 16@16½c. Lard 19@20c. Butter 35@40c. Coffee 28@30c. Sugar 12½@13c. Whisky 94c. Apples $2@3.

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, September 26—Cotton firmer; sales 12,000 bales; uplands 15d; Orleans 15½.

DIED.

RICE—Near Lacoshi, Tesha county, Ark., on Monday evening, September 21st, PAUL SHIRLEY RICE, aged 27 years.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

NORVELL—The friends and acquaintances of Thomas E. and Virginia E. Norvell are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of their son, WM. JONES, from the residence of Mrs. Dr. Jones, on New Raleigh road, this Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Carriages in attendance.

MALONE—The friends and acquaintances of Capt. George Malone are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of his son, GEORGE C, from the residence of George W. Clark, on Second street, Chelsea, this Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock. Service by Rev. Dr. Burns. Carriages at J. C. Holst & Co.'s, No. 320 Main street.

TALBERT—The friends and acquaintances of John R. and M. Lou Talbert are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of their son HELLARY, from their residence, on Tate street, east of Orleans, this Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Attention, Sir Knights!

THE Stated Yearly Conclave of Cyrene Council No. 4, of Royal and Select Masters, will be held in their Asylum, Front street, on Monday evening, September 28th, at 7½ o'clock. It being the regular election of officers for the coming year and other important business will come before the conclave.

Visiting Sir Knights are fraternally invited.

By command of JOHN ZENT,
E. Commander.
N. J. WIGGIN, Recorder. sep27 2t

Chamber of Commerce Meeting.

THE Annual Meeting of the Chamber will be held on MONDAY, 28th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers for the ensuing year will be elected on that day. A general attendance of members is requested, as business of great importance will come before the meeting.

T. A. NELSON, President.
S. R. DOELY, Acting Secretary. sep27 2t

C. DOHERTY,

338 Main Street,

HAS RECEIVED ALL THE NOVELTIES of the season.

BONNETS AND HATS

Of every design and quality, direct from Paris

Ladies' Caps and Head Dress's, Children's Berlin Wool Goods, Fancy Goods in Endless Variety.

Grand Opening, Thursday, October 1, 1868
sep27 1w

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

FIRST ANNUAL FAIR

—OF THE—

SHELBY CO. AGRICULTL ASSOCIATN

TO BE HELD ON

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

Octob. r 20, 21 and 22, 1868,

—AT THE—

MEMPHIS ASSOCIATION GROUNDS,

Near the City of Memphis, Tenn.

PREMIUMS.

ORDER OF EXHIBITION.

First Day.

SHEEP—LONG WOOL.

Best buck	$ 5 00
Best ewe	5 00
FINE WOOL.	
Best buck	5 00
Best ewe	5 00
MIDDLE WOOL.	
Best buck	5 00
Best ewe	5 00
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.	
Best Mowing Machine	15 00
Best

SUNDAY APPEAL.

Office—No. 13 Jefferson Street.

CITY MATTERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Hereafter individual bills of any Employee of this paper will not be allowed as an offset against accounts due us. And no bill will be paid unless contracted by our authority.

AINSLIE, KEATING & CO.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Are requested to report any irregularity in the delivery of the APPEAL at the Counting-room. Carriers will be supplied with certificates authorizing them to collect weekly.

ED. J. MANSFORD,
Supt. Circulation.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES TO-DAY.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Adams street, corner of Third, Very Rev. J. A. Kelly, O. S. D., Pastor; Revs. J. H. Lynch, D. A. O'Brien and M. B. Fortune, O. S. D., Assistant Pastors. Mass on Sundays at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a.m. High Mass and Sermon, 10½ a.m. Sunday School and Catechism, 2½ p.m. Vespers and Lecture, 8 p.m. Pastoral residence, 81 Adams street.

GRACE CHURCH—Hernando street, near Vance—Rev. Dr. Brooke, Rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7½ p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Mission School No. 1 on Shelby street 4 p.m. Mission School No. 2 corner Clay and Dunlap streets, 4 p.m.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH—Union street. Sunday School at 9 a.m. Preaching at 10½ a.m. by Rev. W. M. Patterson, Pastor.

ASBURY CHAPEL—Corner of Linden and Hernando—Rev. F. S. Petway, Pastor. Service at 10½ a.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. D. E. Burns, at 11 o'clock a.m. Subject: The rich fool; and at 7½ p.m. Subject: Temptation of Christ.

ST. LAZARE CHURCH—J. T. Wheat, D. D. Rector—Madison street. Services at 10½ a.m. and 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Daily services at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.

MISSION CHAPEL—Corner Jones avenue and Alabama at 4 p.m.—J. G. Steadman, D. D., Pastor. Service at 10½ a.m.

FIRST CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Court street—Rev. J. C. Ransom, Pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and at 7½ p.m. Sabbath School at 9 a.m.

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner Sixth and Chelsea streets—Rev. W. A. Sample. Service at 10½ a.m.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL—Poplar street, east of Adams, Richard Hine, D. D., Dean—Daily services at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. Holy Communion on the 1st Festivals and Saints' Days, and every Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, except on the first Sunday in the month, when the celebration takes place at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, (TABERNACLE), Court street, between Second and Third, Rev. S. H. Ford, LL. D., pastor. Services, Sunday at 10½ o'clock a.m. and 8 p.m., and Thursday at 8 o'clock p.m. Young Men's Prayer Meeting Monday at 8 o'clock p.m. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a.m.

MARCUS COOPER, Supt.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. Philip Tuggle will preach at the Second Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Main and Beale streets, this afternoon at 3½ o'clock. Bible Class and Sabbath School at 9½ o'clock.

CHELSEA BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services at this Church at 11 a.m. and at 7½ p.m. Rev. M. Burton will preach. Sabbath School at 9½ a.m.

NOT AN ARREST in the Second District up to six p.m., yesterday.

A SUPERB lot of hosiery at Rice & Engel's, 233 Main street.

THE J. P. COURTS were taken up yesterday with civil cases, altogether. Not a State case reported.

THE WEATHER could not be more beautiful than it was yesterday. Hope it may continue.

FUN AHEAD is the motto of the New Memphis. Emmerson, Allen and Manning's Minstrels will be there on Tuesday night.

ABDOMINAL DRAWERS made to order by Power & McGoey, merchant tailors, 238 Second street.

Crevylic Soap, for destroying roaches, ants, fleas, etc. Also, the best sunlight oil at all, for sale at 40 Jefferson street. 21

MR. AND MRS DEGRAY BENNET inform the public that they have reopened their dancing school in the Clay building, No. 233 Main street.

DETECTIVE GARRETT made a raid on the thieves yesterday, capturing no less than three, among whom were the notorious John Ivy smith and Johnny Lewis.

SERGEANT BROWN yesterday captured Tom Burke, a thief that has been wanted for some time, and lodged him in the First District station house.

PATROLMAN MICHAEL DEA reported that there was no gas east of High street on Adams or Poplar streets last night. In the present state of affairs, this is criminal neglect

FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE.—For fine printing at cheap rates, merchants and business men are directed to the Franklin, 15 Court street, S. C. Toof proprietor.

THE Irish Literary Society held a meeting last Thursday and determined to give a ball on the 25th proximo for the benefit of the fund for the Hon. Henry A. Wise.

Two thousand free church sittings in the Church of the Blessed Virgin—Greenlaw Opera House. Morning prayer, 9 o'clock; Grand Te Deum and Sermon at 11 o'clock. Rev. J. W. Rogers, Priest and rector.

YOAM KEPPURE was most strictly observed by the Israelites yesterday. During the forenoon Main and Beal streets looked as they do on Sunday. Almost all the stores were closed and scarcely any business was being transacted.

THE following telegrams remain undelivered in the office: F. D. Cobb, Jesse S. Grider, Bob Adler, D. H. McAlister, Geo. R. Rutter, Geo. W. Walker, Enoch Taylor, C. J. Martin, Lawrence Gilmore, N. M. Jones, J. O. Smith, David Bruce, S. H. Sill, Abner Taylor, Noble, ——.

GRAND OPENING.—The attention of our lady readers is called to the advertisement of Mrs. C. Dahe, which will appear every day, she will make Thursday next, opening with a handsome and attractive display of fall and winter goods as must suit everybody. She should call. All the ladies had to please.

WE CALL the attention of our readers to an advertisement of Professor Anderson, formerly Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of North Carolina. The Professor has removed to this city, and will open a private school for boys in the Linden street school building, the first Monday in October.

MERCHANT TAILORING.—Power & McGeoy, 238 Second street, are now receiving their stock of fall and winter goods of the choicest selections from the Eastern markets, which they are offering to make to order at moderate prices. Gents in need of a cheap, neat-fitting garment will do well to call and examine their stock, at the old stand, No. 238 second street, near the corner of Jefferson.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of the profession and the public generally to the card of Dr. Theo. Hoerner, chemist and druggist. Dr. Hoerner is a graduate of the University of Munich, and has a diploma from the celebrated Baron Liebig, who is now acknowledged the head of the science of chemistry. As a fellow-student of the Doctor's we beg leave to add our own personal endorsement of his merits, and wish him an unqualified success.

CONJUGAL.—The following certificates were returned to the county Clerk's office during the past week: J. T. Wands to Miss Mary Anne Williams, Alexander Gardiner to Miss Maggie Thompson, Henry Rembert to Patsy Perkins, Louis Dreyger to Miss Mary Berthelie, Joe Whitner to Henrietta Young, Jos. Pachelbel to Miss Lizzie A. Southworth, John McKenzie to Miss Sarah Weaver, J. K. Wood to Miss Emma G. Pamplin.

THE BARBECUE AT MASON'S YESTERDAY.—We learn that there was quite a large crowd of people at Mason's Depot yesterday, to participate in the Democratic barbecue. Hon. Emerson Etheridge and Hon. John W. Leftwich were the speakers of the occasion, and were listened to with marked attention by the concourse of white and black people present. Mr. Etheridge gave a very interesting and encouraging account of his trip through Ohio and Indiana, and expressed himself as most hopeful that the Democracy would carry both States by handsome majorities. Dr. Leftwich addressed himself more particularly to the colored men, whom he exhorted in the interest of peace, of harmony and the future good of both races, to vote with the men who have known them from infancy, and with whom their destiny is inseparably linked. He was heard with earnest attention. From all that we can learn, much good was accomplished and votes made for the party.

REVIEW OF RABBI TUSKA'S DISCOURSE.

BY REV. S. H. FORD, LL. D.

The writer perused, as did the religious community generally, the discourse of Dr. Tuska, as published in last SUNDAY'S APPEAL. The beauty of the style was equalled by the liberality of the thoughts; and we cannot but hail the advent of public opinion which calls forth, and enjoys communications from teachers of the ancient people of God, who have been so long derided and opposed. For Dr. Tuska himself, and also for his race, we feel the most profound respect, mingled with anxious interest in their views as religionists, and their destiny as a nation.

Represented as they are to-day in the schools of science and the halls of legislature, in the cabinets of Kings, and controlling to a large extent the currents of finance and commerce, the ancient Israel still give proof of mind and moral power, industry and thrift, which centuries of oppression and ignoble prejudice could not crush, and which must yet make them a controlling power in the earth. It will therefore be evident in this review of Dr. Tuska's lecture, that the writer is prompted entirely by interest in the future and respect for the teacher, and not by any desire to cavil or controvert.

With these remarks, I call attention to the following statements of the discourse as published in sunday's APPEAL: "Judaism teaches no mysteries. The Israelite is required to use his reason that he may know and comprehend what is right and true. He is not bound to receive a creed on trust. Knowledge, not faith, is the foundation of the Israelite. It there be any mystical realm in the world which the mind of man cannot comprehend, they are not taught in Israel's creed."

These statements of Rabbi Tuska are as startling as they are clear. The creed of Israel is what we denominate the Old Testament—the writings of Moses, David and the prophets. Are there no mysteries in these—nothing to be taken on trust—nothing which the mind of man cannot comprehend? Was not the conception and birth of Isaac, the fact on which depended their existence as a nation, no mystery, nothing supernatural? Or was it but the common course of nature? Were the prodigies of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, and the pillar of fire and cloud guiding the wandering throngs for forty years through the wilderness, the descent of manna from the heavens, the gushing waters from the barren rock at the mouth of Mount Horeb, the restoration of the poisoned multitudes by a glance at the uplifted brazen serpent, the dividing of the river Jordan, and the tumbling of the walls of Jericho at the blowing of the rams' horns—were done of these mysteries? Is no faith required to receive them? Is the Israelite who sees and feels them, can it be said, in the language of Dr. Tuska, "that Judaism, conscientiously wishes to circumscribe by subjecting blindly to implicit faith? What sort of a one was that implicit faith which Moses believed to be the evidence given ("blindly," if you please), or object shown of God so long conjoined, to the patriarchs to impress the mind of man, beyond his reason and experience, and in this sense "contrary to all conviction," than the supernatural presence that dwelt between the cherubims above the ark in the Tabernacle, that came down at the dedication of the Temple into the holy place, when the priests could not stand to minister, because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord," or than the angelic form, the Urim and Thummim, on the breastplate of the High Priest.

These splendid and mysterious manifestations were to be believed by the people Israelite in every age and in all the countries in which he sojourned. They were the radiant signatures of the Almighty, attesting that his creed was divine. Can it be said that there was no mystery in it to be implicitly believed, to be taken on trust. Surely, in this statement, Dr. Tuska does not agree with the Rabbis on his own faith.

The law given by Moses from Sinai was Israel's creed. Its advent was invested with stupendous mysteries. The Eternal and the mountain did tremble and quake with lightnings and thunders and the presence. The people were prohibited from approaching its base, and soon in rembla gawe while Moses ascended to hold colloquy with the ineffable, and awful supernatural, mysterious. Israel neither beheld Deity nor desire His words, yet they received the law in implicit faith. Moses, as one privileged to investigation, and took it "on trust," as the record, to teach to their children throughout all generations. Here was a sublime mystery and implicit faith. Indeed God told Moses that the people "should believe him forever." Is not history beyond question that Israel's creed was taken, and is now, altogether a matter of faith.

I pass from this to another point. Rabbi Tuska further says, "Go through the Hebrew sculptures, from Genesis to Malachi, and you will not find any where a law enjoining or enforcing belief." The fact in the history adduced is preserved in Holy Writ has not even a word expressing the idea commonly conveyed by the word "Faith" or "Belief," as used in the Christian creed. I am not expected, nor do I propose to be as familiar as Rabbi Tuska with the Hebrew scriptures, but my investigation of their language has led me to a far different conclusion, to the instances last referred to, the giving of the Law by Moses, faith in its divine origination is promised and the word used conveys the idea of "Faith" or "Belief" as commonly used in the Christian creed. The word is *amune* from the root "amen," and literally means "they are faithful, the same to be believed" that being induced by miracles and manifestations of the divine presence to yield implicit faith in the divine origination of Moses and his law. Here the reader with a constancy and unity, and submission in which not ing but an "implicit" and sublime "fall" could inspire in any people, "they were to be caused to believe in him forever. Certainly, here is a word in the Hebrew scriptures conveying the idea of faith in the Christian creed, and which him an unqualified success.

Again, Isaiah says: (1—4) "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" The word is the same. It expresses the idea to believe. To receive as truthful the report, is to believe it in the Christian sense, and every other sense. So there is a word in the Hebrew Scriptures conveying the idea of faith as used in the Christian creed.

Habakkuk also says: (ii—4) "But the just shall live by his faith." Rabbi Mendelsohn renders this passage thus: "But the righteous man no need to place himself in a mighty fortress, for he shall live by his conviction." Here the hypothetic presence and the Tabernacle, that came down at the dedication of the Temple into the holy place, when the "priests could not stand to minister, because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord," or than the angelic form, the Urim and Thummim, on the breastplate of the High Priest.

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SUNDAY APPEAL.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

IN MEMORIAM,

OF LITTLE HOBSON CLARKE.

Too bright and beautiful for earth,
God saw 'twas best that he
Should leave this world, with all its care,
Its pain and misery.

And so a bright, angel band
Bore this sweet flower above,
To become in that glorious land
Where all is joy and love

'Tis hard to know that we shall hear
His soft, sweet voice no more—
No more shall meet us little feet
Patter across the floor!

But he has gone—forever gone!
His heart is still'd now!
His little hands are crossed in death,—
Death's seal upon his brow!

Amid those bright and sunny curls,
The flowers fair are strewn;
And every heart around is crushed,—
For little Hobbie's gone!

But He dear MARY who gave to thee
That pledge of earthly love,
Will keep him till you meet again
In brighter realms above!

Then, oh! repress each murmuring sigh,
And trust the promises,
When sorrow's chastening stricken heart
The power to endure.

It is the voice of God himself,
Which tells with rapture wild,
And tells heaven's all most again
In heaven, the angel child!!

J.

HEIDELBERG.

A Visit to the Old Castle---An Interesting Letter.

From the Baltimore Gazette.]

Romantic and picturesque as is the attraction of the Castle of Heidelberg, one sees at a glance, that it does not belong properly to the feudal times, but that it forms a link, as it were, between the architecture of the lawless middle ages and that of more civilized and subsequent periods. Indeed the old feudal castle was situated high up on the hill, far above the present one. Little of it is now to be seen. The site however is beautiful and the prospect grand. An enterprising Doctor has built himself a chalet on the spot, were the weary climber can refresh himself or where the Whey cure can be indulged in by those who fancy it.

With the exception of the particular delights of this sort of exclusively German medical treatment, all this and more can be had at the more modern castle, or rather palace, below; for the castle, which may have been originally intended for a second rate feudal stronghold in the fourteenth century, was afterwards found too small for a princely residence by the Kurfurst or Prince Elector, Rupert III, when he was unanimously chosen King of Germany in '[illegible]0 and was from time to time enlarged and adorned by successive princes until it became in fact a superb palatial residence, fitted for the Court of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine. The grounds in the rear of the castle are laid out as a little park and at the upper end near the terrace, which is raised upon arches and projects over the Neckar, a small garden is laid out where you can at all times get very good refreshment and occasionally hear excellent music. The view from the terrace is renowned. Its reputation is indeed almost world-wide; but the view from the *Altan* or platform terrace, in front of the *Friedrichsbau*, which was built in the early part of the 17th century, if not so magnificent is certainly as charming. As you tread up and down upon the square stone tiles or as you lean over the balustrade, and look down upon the steep precipice below you, or upon the river, the town and the vine-clad hills beyond, you are still conscious that you are within castled walls, that there are behind you the grim teeth of a portcullis, which once could have cut you off from the outer world and that around you on three sides is a deep ravine, which in the days of bolts and arrows or even in the early days of gunpowder, formed in itself a sufficient defence against hostile forces, the position of the castle being thereby rendered almost inaccessible. It was upon this *Altan* that knights and dames in the gay costumes of the period took their promenades, the only one which was open to them, and it was here that they amused themselves with the song of the minstrel, who still dreamed of the departed glories of the Minnesingers, or with the joke of the fool in his motley garb, who rattled his bells and danced his antics, making the most of the time that was left to those who made folly a profession. It must have been a dull time for these poor creatures—not the fools, be it understood—when the men had nothing to do but to look after their horses and their armor and when their talk was chiefly of the stable and of war, and when the women having no facilities as at present to pass the whole of their lives in intrigues or flirtations, occupied themselves probably with the soberer amusements of embroidery and needle-work and entertained themselves possibly with a talk which the French, who ought to know, say is "of rags."

Though the *Friedrichsbau* is a palace in itself, if is, but one portion of a great whole, built at different periods and in different styles by the various Electors who held their courts here. The oldest and plainest part of the castle, on the left as you pass through the archway and under the teeth of the portcullis, is that built by Rupert I in the middle of the fourteenth century. There is nothing in its architecture to attract. Rupert did not trust his fame to stones. In 1348 when a terrible epidemic visited a portion of Europe and when the people, giving vent to evil passions and obeying the dictates of blind superstition, accepted the report that the Jews had poisoned the wells in South Germany and tortured and murdered over 12,000 of the people of this persecuted race, Rupert nobly threw open his domains to them, offered them refuge and an asylum and protected them against further persecution. It was he too who founded the University of Heidelberg, another imperishable monument which, while history lasts and science triumphs, will tell of his name and his fame.

Other Electors in later years vied with each other in the grandeur of the palaces they could erect and on the richness of the decorations which they could heap upon them externally and internally. The building of Otto Henry, known as the *Ritter Saal*, built in the Cinquecento style, is very elaborate and magnificent. It is in the best style of Italian architecture and its facade is richly decorated with figures and statues of heroes from sacred and profane history. The facade of the *Friedrichsbau* is excessively rich, containing among other ornaments statues of the Electors from the time of Charlemagne down to the 17th century.

In the eating hall of one of these buildings is a curious old German stove, or rather the remains of one, the plates of which are covered over with enameled pictures and coats of arms One of them in memory of Dorothea of Denmark, wife of Frederic II, is curious as showing the literary taste and capacity of the stove-poets of the period. Below the portrait is the following legend:

Sei [illegible]emahlin K[illegible]nigl[illegible]e Stamm
Frau Do[illegible]thea [illegible]us [illegible]em
Geb[illegible]rge Pr[illegible]nz[illegible]n au[illegible] Dennemarkh
N[illegible]rwegen, S[illegible]w d[illegible], [illegible]-Kouigreich Storc[illegible]h.

The verses are certainly to the point, but they remind one of the well known tombstone inscription, of the orphan girl, in which "name," "station," "resting place" and "salvation" are the final words of the four exceedingly simple and poetical lines. In one corner of this collection of palaces is a building known as the English building or palace, which was built by the Elector Hederick V for the reception of Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I.

Just beyond, and outside the walls of the castle proper is the garden which he planted and laid out for her, and at the end of it is the triumphal arch, also erected by him, with its pillars entwined with ivy leaves, which still goes by the name of the Elizabethan Pforte. This portion of the castle is always particularly interesting to the poetically inclined and tender-hearted. It tells a sad story of a young bride, grand daughter of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, who came here brim full with all the hopes and expectations of a young life, looking forward to the enjoyment of wealth, position, control, homage and all the delights which power promises but rarely gives. It tells a story of a lovely and noble-minded woman who allied herself to a man who had not the heart for high deeds and who preferred the sound of the lute and the bright eyes of his mistress to honor which could only be purchased by risks. It tells of a high spirited woman, who, while her husband debated, declared that she would rather eat dry bread as a queen than feast as the wife of an Elector, and it tells of a crown of Bohemia accepted, of battle and of bloodshed and of defeat, of flight, of the death of the husband and of long years of dreary exile for a luckless and almost friendless woman, who lived not only to eat dry bread but almost to beg for it, "who lived forgotten and who died forlorn." So sad a fate is all very pretty for story books. But history as we get it and as we wish it to suit our fancy or our imagination is very curious in its way. There is another side to this picture which tells a very different tale and one which probably is much nearer the truth. This one tells of a young and manly prince, to whom the accidents of life and the deeds of his forefathers had given everything which man could desire. He was an Elector—one of the seven—who made the kings of Germany and upon him devolved all the high offices of the Imperial household. These were the Archbishops of Mayence, Treves and Cologne, the Elector of the Palatinate and the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony and Bohemia. They were entitled to all the royal honors but the title of majesty. They were bound together against the Pope to protect the right to elect, and thus wielded a power which was formidable. Frederick had not only this position, but he had around him every luxury of the age and he lived in a State blessed by nature and enriched by commerce. He had unluckily the misfortune to love rather too foolishly than too wisely, the bright face of a restless and aspiring woman, as self-willed and probably as intriguing if she was not as fascinating as her ancestor, Mary Queen of Scots. Urged on by the unhappy ambition of a woman whose pleadings he was not able to resist, he accepted a crown which brought trouble to his followers and ruin to himself. Elected King of Bohemia in 1619, he marched to Prague and was crowned. He went forth from Heidelberg, never to return again, with all the parade of religious ceremony, calling upon the elements to aid him and praying Heaven to befriend him, but heedless of the tears and the warnings of his old mother, Louise Johana, who implored him not to undertake so ill-fated an expedition. In 1620 he fought a battle near Prague which cost him his dearly bought crown. He fled to Holland with his wife and died in Mayence a few years afterwards, broken hearted and in despair. Elizabeth lived to beg her bread, and, with that facility which some women possess of imagining themselves to be the most ill-fated and unlucky of all living creatures, and of convincing the sympathizing portion of the world how much they have been put upon and how much they have been forced to endure, solaced herself by recounting her sufferings and her trials whenever she could find an audience, forgetting always to state the one little fact that it was her discontented and aspiring spirit which had brought ruin on her country, her household and family. Christian resignation is a blessed resource when you have ruined everything and everybody around you. It was while she was in this beautiful frame of mind that she wrote many letters, some of which have been published and have no doubt touched the hearts of more than one of those who will read this letter. "*Mes larmes*" of the Princess—or rather Queen—Elizabeth are very funny studies. Thackeray attributes "*mes larmes*" to the first stage of womanhood, while the woman in fact is still the girl. But he certainly must have known that women indulge in "*mes larmes*" in some shape or other at all stages of their existence. "*Mes larmes*" indeed are as natural and necessary to some women as swearing is to a sailor.

Two years after the battle of Prague, Heidelberg was stormed by Tilly and sacked. The castle was taken and held for seven years when the Swedes took it from the Imperialists. It suffered as much from friends as foes. In 1674 Turenne sacked it and a few years later Louis XIV again sent an army which carried slaughter and devastation with it. Finally in 1693 a French army, which was even more merciless than the other two, laid the castle in ruins. They stand now a monument to the glories, the vanities and the passions of by-gone days. The Episcopal and the Princely Electors live only in history. Bohemia, part of Austria, has its Emperor. Saxony was raised in Napoleon's time to a Kingdom. Mayence, Treves and Cologne are Prussian towns and the Elector of Brandenberg having raised his line to the dignity of Kings has left a successor who, Bismarck *duce et sub auspice* Bismarck, is in a fair way to become Emperor without the trouble of an election. Who knows but that the Castle of Heidelberg may again become an Imperial summer residence? It can never again be a stronghold, commanded as it is by so many positions in the hills behind and opposite it.

That so much of the story of Heidelberg and of the Electors still lives is because the discovery of printing in the middle of the 15th century multiplied books and documents so largely that the destruction of a library was no longer the destruction of a portion of the history of the world. It is curious to observe in the Cathedral at Mayence, as indeed elsewhere, the fate of the monuments of those who lived before the days of Mr. John Gansfleisch—literally Goosefiesh—commonly called Gutemberg—who by the way was born at Mayence in a house which still stands—and of the monuments of those who died after him, or who lived at a period not sufficiently remote to allow time for the treading out of the legends on the tombstones so as to prevent a printed record being made of them. Near the high altar there is no inscription on the stone to tell you that the colossal figure is that of an Archbishop of Mayence, that the three smaller figures, which scarcely reach above his head, are those of an Emperor and two Kings whom he had crowned. Yet the story is preserved and the name of Peter Von Asfeldt, great as it may have been in the days of his Archbishopric, is now even much more widely known, handed down as it is to posterity by every two-penny guide book that is published in every different European language, and through the medium of the thousand itinerant pleasure seekers who steam annually up and down the Rhine.

Of those who lived prior to the 14th or indeed the 15th century there are few monuments left upon which the inscriptions can be deciphered or the figures can be traced. Those of the Church which are recognizable are principally those of the Archbishops of Mayence. Besides these there is one of Fastrada, third wife of Charlemagne. Most of these monuments and tablets are upright, being imbedded in the wall. The stories of the deeds of those mighty men of old which were entrusted to the legends on their tombstones have long since been trampled ont under the ungracious tread of ungrateful and indifferent posterity. Even in the chapel in which Kings were once crowned the worn tombstones, beneath which only those who were most highly honored were buried, tell no more story than does the stone arm-chair in which the Archbishop sat; and in the neighboring cloister, or *Kreuzgang* as it is called, which is literally floored with tombstones, there is nothing now left but the stone itself to show how "some great one lived his day." At one time, as at Basle and elsewhere, the stones were numbered and a record of the names was kept; but even this was lost and with it perished the last trace of all identity. These smooth worn stones only serve now to call to mind the sad words of Motherwell when he says so truly,

"Tell me the one who e'en could shun
Touch with oblivion's pall;
A bear with me an equal doom
The darkness of a nameless tomb."

There is one monument in this cloister which has a history. It is that of Von Meissen, the minstrel, better known as Frauenlob—"Lady praise." This tombstone is a charming commentary on fame. The man who spoke sweet phrases still lives in the remembrance of a grateful female public. Indeed the ladies of Mayence only twenty-five years ago erected a more lasting monument to the "Ladies' Minstrel." Scores of men who had much more reason to have their names "on fame's bright page enrolled," though buried almost beside him, have been long since forgotten and the memory of their deeds has mouldered away with their bones.

EARTHQUAKE.

Personal Experience--Two Strange Stories.

From the New Orleans Picayune.]

"Curious, and even funny things, sometimes occur in connection with earthquakes. We can recall, at this moment, two anecdotes illustrating this fact.

A highly respectable gentleman, residing in Middle Tennessee, in describing the first great shock which was felt in that quarter in 1811, said that he was asleep in bed at the moment, and being roused by the shaking of the house and furniture, he instinctively rushed into the open air; there the earth was trembling under his feet, and the trees swaying to and fro, as if they had each of them a fit of shaking ague. His first feeling was one of dreadful fright and nausea, but almost instantly the thought came into his mind that the end of the world had come, and his feelings changed to one of pride and satisfaction that he should be among those who were to behold the "wreck of matter and crush of worlds." In the house was a guest who was a merry, rollicking fellow, very fluent in speech, and rather given to jesting on serious things. He, too, had rushed out from the house, and was to be seen running wildly about in a single and rather brief garment, and frightened into seriousness, was trying to pray, but being unpracticed in that line, could only utter the rhyming nursery prayer—

"Now, I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The recollections of that night of horror were never afterward an agreeable subject of conversation when he was present, particularly when his style of prayer was alluded to.

Another anecdote we had from the lips of that estimable gentleman, the late Judge Martin, of this city. He happened to be at Caracas at the time it was visited with the destructive earthquake in 1812. A merchant of the city, with whom he had business relations, had insisted upon his going out of town to visit his country estate a few leagues distant, beyond a range of seacoast hills. During the night the shock of an earthquake was felt at this estate and its vicinity, and it was thought best to shorten the visit and return to town, to ascertain if any injury had befallen it. On reaching the point where the road crossed the summit of the hills, an immense cloud of dust overhung the site of the city, and they hastened to reach it with speed. Judge Martin felt very anxious, as he had left in the armoir of his furnished room a sack containing all the gold he then had at command. On reaching the city, his first care was to make his way as rapidly as the many obstacles offered by masses of stone and timber in most of the streets would permit. At last he arrived at the house where his room was, and found that it had been divided into two portions, almost as neatly as if machinery had been employed in the operation. Looking up, he was as much surprised as rejoiced, to see the armoir which contained his effects, standing upright near the wall. A ladder was provided, and climbing it, he soon had his precious bag of doubloons in his hands.

STOLEN BY INDIANS.

A story has been going the rounds of the press for some two years past, of a boy who was stolen by the Indians, many years ago, and lately recovered by his parents. The Omaha *Republican*, having its information from the relatives of the captive boy, gives the following version of the story: "The boy, William Filley, was stolen on the 3d day of August, 1837, by a party of Camanche Indians, and continued in bondage for twenty-nine years. Was with seven different tribes, and can speak eleven different dialects. He returned in 1866. After remaining a year and a half with his father, an irresistible impulse came on him, to return to the wild haunts of Indian life, and no inducement could be held out by his father to induce him to forego his desire for the wild roving life of the Indian and be content with the customs and luxuries of civilization. So last spring, he bade his aged father and friends farewell, and turned his back upon the white man's home and started for the far west—the familiar scenes of his earliest and fondest recollections. The loss, second loss, of his son William appears to be a source of great affliction to the father—Mr. Ammi Filley."

BEFORE RICHMOND.

"Grant will hurl a thunderbolt at the heart of the Revolt."

Editors Memphis Appeal:

This little poem was published during the war in the "*British Army and Navy Review*." Many of your readers may not have seen it. It is a "war waif" worth the keeping. L. A. M.

We shall see:
Other men have died and failed—
Other men have blanched and quailed,
Facing Lee.

What though Jack on, dear to God,
Lies beneath the bat[illegible]ed sod,
Dark and cold?
What though the [illegible]arth is laid—
He who won in rapid raid,
Spurs of Gold?

Long-tress'd in his anguish lies;
Tears are many a gem in Freya's eyes
Strangely dight;
And who hold her breath and say:
"Does Death's angel come at his way,
Seeking him?"

Yet the Lord of Host[illegible], who gave
These gla[illegible]t chief our land to save,
Knoweth best;
We, to the last man, will fight,
Doing battle for the right—
His the rest.

On, then, Grant! wave the fray;
Kill your myriads, that ye may
Crush the free!
But there are realms to do,
E'en your mercenary crew
Pass a Lee!

— *Mortimer Collins.*

THE BANK OF PRUSSIA.

How it is Managed--a Visit to its Vaults.

From the Galaxy for October.]

In the "Taugerstrasse," one of the busiest treets of Berlin, stands a solid-looking building, only one story high not distinguished either in architectural or other features from the houses adjoining. At the front there is a bronze plate, dedicated to the memory of a grenadier, who fell here at his post as the first victim of the March Revolution in 1849. Entering the building, the same simplicity strikes us. There is nothing that announces the high importance of the house. And yet within its walls a rich treasure is hidden—millions of coined silver and gold, fireproof safes full of shares, bonds securities, etc., scrips enough to make thousands rich, precious pawns (loan bards), documents and bills of exchange the latter representing, in the course of a year, a capital of three hundred millions of thalers.

Here, indeed, we are in the magic circle of Plutus, in one of the wonderful palaces where a slip of paper is transformed into a heap of gold, and, *vice versa*, a heap of gold into a slip of paper; where a stroke of the pen creates millions; where the word "credit" is the "Sesame" which opens the mountain dazzling with gold and silver. We are at the golden gate of the great reservoir of wealth into which flow the thousands and thousands of drops, fountains, creeks and streams of the money-making community of Prussia. We are in the *Prussian Bank*.

A vaulted corridor leads us to the different departments of the great institution, in which alone, including its one hundred and thirty-eight branch-establishments, more than four hundred officials are employed. At the head of these is the bank-president, at present Herr von Dechend; under him are four bank-directors, a justiciary, the kookkeepers, cashiers, and chiefs of the different departments, the controllers, registers, clerks, and porters, forming altogether quite a little army of *elite troupes*. The same military spirit of accuracy and disciplined performance of duty, evinced in the whole administration of Prussia is to be found here. A German financier once said: "*In Geldsachen hort die Gemuthlichkeit auf*" (in money matters good nature is at an end). Following this principle, the bank-president is most rigid in selecting his *employes*. An appointment is made only after a close secret observation of the person, some time before the nomination takes place, and it is only in extraordinary cases that a change is made. Hence the bank has the oldest officials, of whose faithfulness an idea can be formed from the fact that one chief of a department, during his whole service of twenty-five years, has taken leave of absence for only twenty-five days.

The same cautiousness and watchfulness is observed in all the operations of the bank, and particularly in the counting of the cash and in keeping of the *tresor*. In a special room, to which no outsider has admission, the money received is carefully counted, one official checking and proving another, so that errors are almost impossible. Counterfeits or pieces of short weight are separated with methodical precision, and retraced to the place of disbursement. The examination of the suspicious coins requires great sharp-sightedness. Perhaps no other money is so often and well counterfeited, or so frequently deteriorated in all possible manners as the Prussian thalers and Frederic-d'ors. Of the bank-notes, the twenty-five and fifty thaler notes were for a time so successfully imitated by means of photography, that even the bank itself was deceived on several occasions, and cash paid for them over the counter.

As soon as the bags, generally containing five hundred thalers each, are counted and made ready, they are sealed, each bag bearing the name of the controlling official, and delivered into the treasury vaults of the bank. These vaults are built fire-proof, with impenetrable walls and four ponderous iron doors, admission through which is impossible only to the four long-tried officials entrusted with the charge of the treasury. The bags are placed in such order that they can be counted easily, when the regular "revision" takes place. Both gold and silver bars are counted in the same manner, and packed in light transportable boxes. The quantity of coin in the treasury of course depends upon the fluctuations of business. It averages seventy millions of thalers (about fifty millions of dollars). A glance around the vaults, however, in no way realizes the picture the imagination creates. Instead of walls dazzling with gold and silver, we see only an ordinary, white-painted cellar, stored with prosaic-looking grey bags and wooden boxes.

To learn the routine of business of the bank, we first direct our steps to the *discounting department*, where a numerous public congregates early in the forenoon. Here drafts on Berlin or other commercial cities are discounted before falling due, at the discount-rate fixed by the bank, provided that they be drawn on "good" houses, and bear at least two "good" signatures. About four hundred thousand drafts, amounting to three hundred millions and more, are discounted annually.

All classes of society look for and find what they want—money—at the bank, which fulfils, with rare liberality, its task of aiding and fostering home industry and commerce, and favorably distinguishes itself from the banks of England and France by discounting the smallest as well as the largest bills, and by lending its aid in critical times even to the smallest manufacturer or merchant, and opening a credit to the farmer. Nevertheless its losses are comparatively insignificant. This good fortune is the result of the principles which guide the acceptance of "personal security." The most detailed knowledge of all the firms or persons transacting business with it, is in the possession of the bank, which uses the information obtained with such discretion and secrecy, that many of the larger firms do not hesitate to communicate their yearly balance to this their great financial supporter. Through special agents the directors are constantly kept informed as to the financial standing, and even the private character of the men with whom they have mostly to deal. Sometimes, before the public or even the interested persons have any suspicion, the bank knows, or "guesses," that this or that firm is on the verge of bankruptcy, and therefore almost always breaks off its connection in due time to save itself. This remarkable foreknowledge is explained by the official weekly reports, which the bank receives with regard to the condition of every business firm in Prussia. All the branches ("Filiale") of the bank in the other cities of Prussia have their special and volunteer informers, the results of whose investigations are communicated to the chief establishment, to which, in doubtful cases, the branches have to apply. The magnitude and difficulty of this may be conceived when it is known that the number of firms to be "watched," in Cologne, for instance, a second-rate commercial city, is four thousand. The weekly reports are carefully examined and compared with one another, so that the bank, by looking into its *port-feuille*, knows to a nicety the amount of bills drawn on a house. If it appears that they equal the generally reputed property of the house, the directors communicate to the firm that the "*maximum*" of credit has been reached. No information of "outsiders," however, is acted upon, without their veracity having been first ascertained. This system works very well in a state like Prussia, where even commerce is conducted, in the main, with military accuracy.

In the *bank-note department*, the bank-notes received from the Government printing office, where they are printed, are signed, put in circulation, and cashed again. The bank-notes returning to the bank are first marked off in the registers, kept for that purpose, stamped with the words "No value," then filed on an iron bar, and finally burnt in an oven especially constructed for the purpose, under the inspection of the bank-note commissioners.

The bank exhibits power and its beneficent operation most conspicuously in times of threatened crisis. One of these crises, it will be remembered, occurred in 1866. It was met without any serious consequences, the bank keeping down the rate of interest by issuing supplementary bank-notes to the firms in want of money to meet their obligations. The bank besides, in order to depress the then high rate of foreign exchanges, issued out of its *porte-feuille* the necessary bills of exchange, thereby putting a stop to the flow of silver to the former money-center of Germany—to Frankfort on the Main—and it bought forty millions of silver thalers, in order to keep up with the demand for them which the war created.

Less extensive than the discounting business is the *Lombard* business, or lending money on deposits of stocks, on gold, silver-plate, and on goods generally, making the bank a sort of pawnbroking establishment. The *giro* business, or transfers from and to accounts, is also insignificant if compared with the business done by other Berlin banks.

One part of the bank vaults is reserved and used as a safe deposit room for personal property, precious documents, and other valuables belonging to private individuals. The bank receives all these things, if packed in a box, and issues, without taking notice of the contents, receipts, on presentation of which the bearer can fetch them out again. Some interesting incidents sometimes occur in connection with this department. A lady made the disagreeable discovery that her diamond jewelry, brought to and redrawn from the bank by her husband, was, on return, changed into *email*, instead of diamonds. After a severe examination she found that her own husband had effected the *changement de decoration*, in order to pay debts contracted at the gaming-table.

The administration of the bank corresponds with its dualistic nature, it being half a Government and half a private bank. The "chief" is the Minister of Commerce, now Herr von der Heydt, and a "curatorium" of five high Government officials, assembling every three months, is under him. The shareholders hold a yearly meeting, where they elect the central committee, controlling the bank operations, receive the report, and revise the statutes. The working capital consists of the Government contribution of two millions; the deposited capital of twenty-three millions, and the reserve-fund of four millions, the total being about fifty millions of thalers. The bank-notes in circulation amount to 136,148,000 thalers; the coin on hand, reserved for redeeming, is seventy millions. The whole returns of the bank, in 1865, were 2,573,608,200 thalers; the net profit made, after deduction of a sixth for the reserve-fund, was two millions, to be equally divided between the Government and the shareholders. The weekly balance, the "status" of the bank and its branches, is published weekly in the newspapers. Once a month the revision of the cash takes place, and then the institute is closed during a part of the forenoon.

The brilliant results of the institute have, however, not been attained without great struggles, and only in the course of the last twenty years. CARL WINTER.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander II.

A Kissingen correspondent says: "The Emperor Alexander II, like his father Nicholas, is an early riser. He is on the promenade before six in the morning generally alone, walks with a very slow, heavy step, and frequently sits down on one of the stone benches, calls his magnificent black dog, who lays his head on the Emperor's knees, and Alexander moodily gazes into vacancy. I watched him the other day. He looked as if he had not learned to smile, and when he rose, I am sure he heaved a sigh. He generally wears a faded black suit, and looks more like a gentleman in reduced circumstances than like the autocrat of all the Russias. No greater difference can be imagined between two men than that between Alexander and his father Nicholas. There is some resemblance between their features; but Nicholas, even a few days previous to his death, did not look near as broken down and despondingas his son, who is not weighed down by a European war. The police generally keeps the beggars off the promenade; but occasionally a poor woman steals up to His Majesty, who then immediately puts his hand into his vest pocket and gives her a gold piece with a sad smile, and almost respectful manner. But he never exchanges a word with any one on the promenade."

A FRENCH FENIAN.

Arrest of Gen Corbet--Interesting Historical Resume.

From the Washington Chronicle.]

From Ireland there is a singular story, which, if true, may lead to at least an unpleasant diplomatic correspondence between France and England. It appears that General T. Corbet, who is described as "an Irishman by birth, but a distinguished officer of the French Imperial Guard, and adorned with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, arrived in Ireland a short time since on a visit to his relative, Mr. Lyons, of Mayfield, near Cork, but was soon arrested as a Fenian sympathizer by the police. As the General speaks English very imperfectly he was detained in custody for more than an hour. The event produced quite an excitement in the South of Ireland." It appears, by another account, that he went to see Mr. Lyons, his grand nephew, and in very imperfect English inquired for the lady of the house, his relative. She was then employed on her toilet, and therefore was unable to see him at once. The Irish servant girl, hearing him speak in a manner different to what she was accustomed to, jumped at the conclusion that General Corbet must be a Fenian, and, in an impulse of "loyal" zeal, rushed out to denounce him to the police, who hastened to arrest him, search his pockets, and were about dragging him before a magistrate, when Mrs. Lyons came in, explained who her visitor was, and had no small difficulty in persuading the myrmidons of the Government to leave the house without a prisoner.

There is reason to believe that General Corbet is French by birth, though Irish by descent, which makes the difficulty greater. In the year 1797, when Thomas Moore, the poet, was at Trinity College, Dublin, his most intimate friends were Robert Emmett and two other students, the Corbets, of Cork. When Emmett was expelled from his alma mater on account of decided and rather ostentatiously avowed anti English sentiments, the Corbets shared his fate. One of them, named William, then in his seventeenth year, had intended to become a lawyer. His expulsion, which excluded him from the bar, changed his destiny. In the following year—that dreadful Ninety-Eight, which saw the outbreak and suppression of a rebellion, fomented, if not actually created, by the Irish Government—William Corbet was sent as an officer in the Irish army, on a mission to Paris to solicit the Directory to send military succor to the patriots of his country. After the failure of General Humbert's invasion Corbet returned to Hamburg, a neutral city, whence he intended to re-enter France. But the English Government claimed him and three other Irishmen, one of whom was the celebrated Napper Tandy. For eighteen months Corbet was detained a prisoner in Kilmainham, near Dublin, whence he escaped by a bold stratagem, and again went to Paris on a mission, which was rendered useless by the treaty of Amiens, whereby friendly relations between France and England were established. War soon recommenced, and Corbet entered into the military service of France, participating in the dangers of the Peninsular war of the unfortunate Russian campaign of 1812-13, and in the battle of Leipsic and Paris. He was colonel in 1814, when Napoleon abdicated, and then retired into private life, but resumed his sword in 1828, to join the French expedition to the Morea, where he distinguished himself, rose to the rank of marechal de camp, established Otho of Bavaria on the throne of Greece by a great victory at Argos, and established a regular government in Athens. Returning to France, he was the general in command of the military district of Caen, when Moore visited him there in 1837—forty years after his collegiate misadventure. He found his view of Irish politics greatly modified, for Moore has set down in his diary that, "considering division to be a source of weakness to both countries, he (Corbet) is so far from wishing to see Ireland severed from England that he considers their union in support of good government and free institutions to be essential not only to their own well being, but also most important as an example to all Europe." This report of Corbet's mitigated views of Irish politics must be taken *cum grano salis*, because at the time (1837) when Moore jotted it down his own patriotism had fallen to zero, and he had not long before been placed, to the amount of £300 per annum, on the pension-list of England.

The French General Corbet, who was arrested in Cork, as above described, is most probably the son of William Corbet, whom Moore visited at Caen, and who died at Saint Dennis, near Paris, in April, 1842, at the age of sixty-one. As the family belongs to Cork, it was natural that its foreign representative should have visited that city. His arrest by the police as a "sympathizer" with the Fenians, after the Government boast that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in Ireland had ended, is a great mistake. If Napoleon should want an excuse for humbling England by making her "eat humble pie" in an apology for the outrage of seizing a French general officer, he has the chance now.

A WESTERN theatrical manager has a knack of "doing" people out of their salary. A young actor from New York, who had joined his company, ventured, after a two weeks' engagement, to hint that he would like his money. "What!" exclaimed the indignant manager, "you ask me for salary after the characters I have given you to play? The fact is, my dear sir, the man who plays *Claude Melnotte* and other lovers ought not to expect any salary!" "Yes," said the light-waisted youth, "but my board is due, and I shall get turned out of my boarding-house—and the truth is, I have nothing to eat." "Keep cool, my boy," replied the manager, "blackberries will soon be ripe!"

THE British bark Ranger cleared at Richmond, Virginia, for Liverpool, on Friday, with six hundred and ninety-two hogsheads and ninety-two tierces of tobacco. Her cargo is estimated to be worth $204,000, and is said to be the most valuable one that has been shipped from that port since the war.

A DISGUSTED Georgia Radical threatens to expose the whole system of fraud by which Bullock was elected Governor, and the Legislature secured to the Radical party. He says he has the proof in black and white that Gordon beat Bullock over 6000 for Governor.

THE King of Prussia is a devotee of the opera, and spends most of his evenings there.

THE Marquis of Bute, who is nearly of age, has an income of $1,500,000 in gold.

THEY had frost and snow in two counties in North Carolina, on Wednesday and Thursday last.

THE PINE COUNTRY.

Value of the Pine Regions of the Atlantic Coast of the Southern States.

From the Galaxy for October.]

Along the eastern coast of North Carolina, from the Virginia line, on the north, to the South Carolina line, on the south, stretches a remarkable belt of country. It is from forty to fifty miles wide by two hundred long, and comprises about a fifth of the whole area of the State. Although within forty-eight hours of New York by rail, and three days by sea, this region is, perhaps, less known than the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains just opened to the world by the Pacific Railway. Yet within the extended limits of these United States there is, perhaps, no tract of country which offers a more comfortable home to the emigrant or a more profitable investment to the capitalist.

Following the sinuosities of the coast, it has a water-front of several hundred miles, protected from the violence of the ocean by a chain of islands, portions of which are suited to the culture of sea-island cotton, and the whole admirably adapted to the growth of the grape. The mainland is penetrated by numerous short rivers, deeper than the sounds into which they empty, and, therefore, sluggish in their flow; and furnishing, with their branches, a complete system of canals useful for transportation and drainage, and excelled only by the canals of Holland.

This tract of country comprises the counties of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotanck, Gates, Hertford, Northampton, Halifax, Bertie, Chowan, Perquimons, Tyrrel, Washington, Martin, Edgecomb, Pitt, Beaufort, Hyde, Craven, Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Carteret, Onslow, Duplin, New Hanover, Brunswick, Columbus, and Bladen. Thirteen of these counties are traversed by railways, bringing them within forty-eight hours of New York. Twelve of them lie upon Albemarle and Pamlico sounds; and so numerous are the estuaries setting back from, and the rivers flowing into these sounds, that there is scarcely a farm which might not have its own wharf, and be its own port of entry. The ports of Washington, Newbern, Beaufort, and Wilmington forward the products of these counties to New York by steamers in three or four days. By means of the Dismal Swamp Canal, thirteen of these counties have easy and frequent communication with Norfolk. You will look on the map of the United States in vain for any region of country, equal in extent, with superior facilities for sending its products to market. So great is this advantage that the farmer of Chowan, Bertie, or Hyde gets seventy-five cents a bushel for his corn when his brother of Illinois and Iowa gets but thirty.

But the sounds and rivers of eastern North Carolina are full of many varieties of excellent fish, which are taken in vast numbers, as many as two hundred thousand herring having been brought to shore at one haul in a seine twenty-five hundred yards long. Oysters, turtle, and terrapin abound; mullet, shad, bass, and many other choice varieties of fish, are caught in great quantities, the water teeming with an inexhaustible supply of this kind of food. Nor is game less abundant. A gentleman well acquainted with the country writes:

"There are ducks of various kinds, of which the canvas-back is the most esteemed; geese and swans, which congregate in numbers exceeding all conception of any person who has not been informed. They are often so numerous as entirely to cover acres of the surface of the water, so that observers from the beach would only see ducks and no water between them. These great collections are termed "rafts." The shooting season commences in autumn and continues through the winter. The returns in game killed and secured through any certain time to a skilful, patient, and enduring gunner, are as sure as the profits of any labor of agriculture and trade, and far larger profits for the capital and labor employed. The following particular facts I learned from the personal knowledge of a highly respectable gentleman and proprietor on Currituck Sound. The shooting, as a business, on his shores, is done only by gunners hired by himself and for his own profit, and who are paid a fixed price for every fowl delivered to him, according to its kind, from the smallest or least-prized species of ducks to the rare and highly-valued swan. He has employed thirty gunners through the winter. He provides and charges for all the ammunition they require, which they pay for out of their wages. In this way he can tell exactly how much ammunition he issues, and it may be presumed the gunners do not waste it unnecessarily at their own expense. In this manner, and for his own gunners and his own premises only, in one winter he used more than a ton of gunpowder, and shot in proportion, and forty-six thousand percussion caps. From this expenditure along the shore of one large farm only, there may be formed a conception of the immensity of the operations and the results along the shores extending for full one hundred and fifty miles, and on all of which the same business is regularly pursued."

But man does not live by fish and fowl alone; and the object of this article is not to tell the sportsman that on the eastern shore of the Old North State he can find abundant food for his powder in game of every variety, from the quail to the stag of ten; and that though all may not be fish that comes to his net, it will all be good, either to boil, broil, or fry. The land which these numerous sounds, rivers and bays, not only bring within easy access to a market, but also endow with a picturesque beauty rarely excelled, yields to the farmer a most generous return for the labor which he bestows upon it. It is worthy of consideration, too, when comparing this region with others, that the soil, once prepared for cultivation, is so mellow and friable, that one man with a mule can till as much ground as a man and a boy with a yoke of oxen will do at the West; while the expense for agricultural implements of every kind is less than in stiff clay soils.

In 1867, General Gwynn, one of the most eminent and experienced civil engineers in the United States, and who has surveyed the whole of these lands, in his report to the State authorities, says:

"Last year an elderly negro man, who cultivated a portion on shares, with two young negro women and a boy, all of whom, including the man himself, were stricken down with small-pox, made six bales of cotton and twelve hundred bushels of corn."

This was accomplished without the aid of fertilizers, and with the simplest and rudest agricultural implements in the hands of ignorant, unskilled freedmen. Can any farming region show a better record? There are plantations in Hyde county which have been cultivated in corn year after year for a century without fertilizers or rotation of crops, and have yielded from fifty to a hundred bushels per acre; while "science infers from the facts of the past and from careful analysis, that even two centuries of close cultivation will not exhaust this natural and ever-renewing fertility."

But while this region has been heretofore devoted exclusively to the culture of corn and cotton, of both which crops it has produced as largely as the best lands in the Mississippi valley, they are not to be regarded as the limit of its capacity. Wheat can be cultivated as successfully here as in Ohio or Illinois, and has always been in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the farmers. It is the home of the vine, the birth-place of the Catawba and its less distinguished brother, the Scuppernong, which grows in wild luxuriance, and yields to the grossest neglect a profusion of grapes which North Carolina thinks "hard to beat." The best varieties of native American grapes, including the Iona and Delaware, have been successfully cultivated in the vicinity of Newbern; and there is no reason why this should not become the land of vineyards. The rigor of winter, which is short, is so tempered by the influence of the Gulf Stream and the proximity of